THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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FRENCH HABITS.

The People of Paris Are So Warm in Themselves That They Can Practically Get Along Without Winter Fires.

Parisians Might Do a Lively Business Here by Coming Out and Getting Married—They Would Save Many People Large Coal Bills.

Napoleon's Tomb and Other Matters of Interest.

DUBLIN, Jan. 16.—Let no one who wishes to see Paris go there in the winter, for of all the cold places in the world, Paris is about the coldest in winter. There is not, of course, the intense frost of the Northern States to be encountered in Paris, but it seems to me that in no part of the world have I ever felt weather so cold without frost, as the winter weather of Paris. But Paris would not be so cold were it not for the dearness of fuel of all kinds; and the French people are so economical that they use as little fuel as possible. They have been so long accustomed to do without fires that none of them thinks of warming himself. The capacity the French have for bearing cold is something extraordinary. They must be the hottest blooded people on earth. They never seem to think of going near a fire. There must be over a million of people in Paris that never saw a blazing wood fire in either grate or stove, for the poorer classes never see fires unless the ones by which their victuals are cooked. You might visit scores of the lower class cafes and restaurants in the very coldest weather and not either see or feel a vestige of fire, and no one seems to feel the want of it, such is the capacity of the French for bearing cold. I have seen scores of people dining outside the restaurants in the evenings of November, when the wind would almost shave one, and when they could have dined inside where the gas made the room warm, and where the charge would have been just the same. The French say that it is their good wine that fortifies them against cold; and speaking of wine, I must say that it was the only drinkable thing in France that I missed after returning to Ireland. Porter and beer never had any great attraction for me; but now, with the remembrance of red wine in my mind, and the taste of it in my mouth, beer and porter seem as nauseous to me as ipecacuanha.

I promised to say something about Napoleon's tomb and the cemetery of Pere Lachaise in my last letter, so here goes: Napoleon's tomb and its environments are wonders of that beauty, taste, and art which are not fully understood save by the French. There is no gaudiness or tinsel-work about the tomb of Napoleon, but in their stead a solemn grandeur that almost takes away one's power of utterance. If the greatest and worst enemy that ever Napoleon had were to stand over his tomb in the Invalides, he could hardly speak above a whisper. Never have I seen anything, tomb, cloister, or church, so awe-inspiring, so solemn or so mournful-looking as are the tomb of Napoleon and its environments. The tomb is at the back of the Invalides which was built originally for an hospital, but which is now principally devoted to something like the purposes of an old curiosity shop, but one of the most interesting kind. In no other place in the world is there such an enormous collection of antique arms and armor. Back of all that attracts interest, and far away as possible from the noise and uproar of the streets, is the tomb of Napoleon. It is placed in the lower basement of what might be called a great dome. The tomb itself is dark brown in color, shaped like an ordinary flat tombstone, but whether it is marble or wood I cannot say, as the public are not generally admitted to the basement in which it is, and I forgot to ask the guide of what material it is composed. Close by the tomb, and almost overlooking it, is a magnificent mortuary chapel, with candles always burning around an altar of unusual magnificence. The tomb and its solemn, splendid, but not gorgeous surroundings, form one of the most impressive artistic sights to be seen in the world. If the spirit of the victor in a hundred battles can behold the place where its body rests, it can at least be consoled by the thought that nowhere else have the mortal remains of a conqueror been so magnificently entombed.

Pere Lachaise cemetery, like the tomb of Napoleon, is one of the wonders not only of Paris but of the world. It has long been disused as a burying place, for there is no room for any more graves in it. The extreme beauty of the monuments it contains is not the first thing that strikes a stranger. Those monuments are all beautiful; but more beautiful still is the wondrous love displayed in their decoration with immortelles, wreaths, flowers and almost everything that is fair and lovely. There are hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of beautiful things encircling the tombs of those who have gone. But it is not alone in Pere Lachaise that one sees this wealth of tomb-decoration, for it is in every cemetery in France. Some may think it is foolish to spend so much money in remembrance of the dead; but it shows a beautiful trait in the French character which even their greatest enemies must admire. The cemetery of Pere Lachaise contains some forty or fifty acres. Every day crowds may be seen in it, for irrespective of its containing the remains of some of the most illustrious of the France people, it is so beautifully kept, and its monuments are so generally splendid that it forms one of the most interesting sights in all France.

But for an artist, or a lover of art, winter is the best time to go to Paris, for then the sight of the almost infinite outward beauties of the city cannot be seen to perfection, and will not tempt him away from the world of artistic wonders that are to be seen in the galleries of the Louvre, Luxembourg, Versailles and several other places. No one could fully see all the paintings in Paris and Versailles in less time than a month. In the Louvre alone there must be nearly a mile of picture galleries, and about a half a mile at Versailles. The Luxembourg is the smallest of the picture galleries, but contains some of the most precious gems of sculpture and painting to be seen in the world. There is one painting in the Luxembourg, the "Flight of Cain and his Family," by F. Cormon, a Parisian artist, which, in my estimation, is the greatest painting in the world. There are over a dozen figures portrayed, all life size, such men, women and children as are supposed to have lived in the stone age, when men were nothing but skin-clad savages. The *ensemble* of the picture is simply horrible. The savage aspect of the men, their unkempt hair, journey-wearied expression, naked feet, and provisions of newly-killed, bleeding animals carried on their swarthy shoulders, form as revolting, but at the same time as realistic a sight as ever eye gazed on. To an artist this one picture would be worth, not only one, but a dozen journeys over the Atlantic. The same thing may be said of the Eifel Tower. It is a wonder indeed. The first sight of it is disappointing; but when one goes under it and contemplates its immensity, its colossalness, its symmetry, its grace and its beauty, he is absolutely awe-struck at its indescribable grandeur, and at what the science and genius of man can accomplish. The Eifel Tower is as unrivalled in grandeur as the city it overlooks is unrivalled in its beauty.

There is not much of a noteworthy nature going on here at present. Irish politics are—I really don't know where. But the soul of Ireland is neither sick nor dead. It lives, and will continue to live. We have at last struck something in Dublin which is really noteworthy, something that shows plainly that a great, real national awakening of the Irish race is taking place; this noteworthy thing is an Irish lady music doctor, no sham, but a genuine *mus. doc.* who has her *bona fide* degree, and who knows everything about music that science, learning, professors of music, and human skill and ingenuity could teach her. Her name is Miss Annie Patterson, No. 11 Clare street, Dublin. I happened to write some articles on Celtic Music in the *Evening Telegraph*, of this city that attracted Miss Patterson's attention. I "pitched into" music doctors with all the force that was in me, not having had the pleasure of knowing her at the time; but this thorough musician, instead of getting into a tearing rage and overwhelming me with bombastic nonsense about scientific music, as most persons of her profession would do, absolutely agreed with me that Celtic music is the most beautiful in the world, and that its neglect by the Irish people in Ireland is a national disgrace. We are, therefore, going to try hard to get up an Irish musical festival here in May, to be held, if possible, on Moore's anniversary, the 28th of May. Two birds will be killed with one stone by having it in May, for Moore's anniversary will be celebrated by it, and so also will one of the three great festivals of the ancient Irish, namely, *Bealteine*, or May; *Lughnasa*, or August; *Samhuir*, or November. But would you believe that there is a certain *shoneen*, professedly Irish, but in reality English, element over here who hate the very name of Moore! May heaven help us to beat them or banish them. It is ardently to be hoped that you, genuine Irish of Chicago, will show that you are not *shoneens* by celebrating the Moore festival as magnificently as possible. T. O. R.

Strange Story From Vienna.

The London *Chronicle's* Vienna correspondent recently telegraphed the following to that paper: "An old man, supposed to be an Irishman, named Edward O'Brien, died under singular circumstances near Vienna. He was found on Friday sitting on a chair with his face lying upon a glowing stove, one of his cheeks being entirely burnt. He was still alive, but succumbed to his injuries two days later. Mysterious as was his death, the man himself was still more so. For twenty years he had lived in the solitary little villa with two rooms and a kitchen which he owned. Strange rumors circulated in the village about this mysterious hermit. He was taken for a fugitive Fenian, and for a California gold miner who had lost his fortune. Others said that an unfortunate love affair had caused him to retire into seclusion. From several remarks in his notebook I surmise that he was originally an Irish teacher. The man was undoubtedly a first-rate smith and locksmith. Iron and steel lay about in large quantities. Three chests were packed with English letters, and other papers were found in a lift. Among them were his English passport, and a pedigree in which he points out that his ancestors were Irish kings. The man appears to have been insane. He mentioned the bishop of Dublin as his brother. He was a middle-sized man, with red beard, wild dark eyes, powerful crooked nose and a pointed chin."

BANISH IGNORANCE

Which is the Originator of Vice, According to the Theory of Eleanor Kirk.

Where the School Is, Vice Flies Before It—Therefore Encourage the Cause of Education.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Jan. 28—There have been two remarkable holiday occasions in this city, in the shape of Christmas trees for poor children, held in two of our largest and most popular theatres, viz: the Columbia and the Amphion, both under the management of Mr. Edwin Knowles. Mr. DeWolf Hopper was the Santa Claus at both places, and the mayor made delicious speeches to the little folks in both eastern and western districts. The theatres were packed with people who wanted to see the gifts distributed.

These were great festivals, and the spirit which has engineered them to a beautiful success is certainly to be commended. It has taken months of labor on the part of many people to accomplish these results, and everybody with hearts in their bosoms must be glad that these strays and waifs were made happy by the gifts of toys, candies, mittens and, in many instances, comfortable clothing. It is better to have had just once than never to have had at all, to paraphrase a familiar quotation, but when we consider that by a concerted effort on the part of the people who love their kind and long for progress, all these children could be permanently helped by the means of an education, a right start in the way of righteousness, we cannot fail to wish that the zealous and the philanthropic would think larger thoughts.

We all admit that ignorance is the curse of the world. Indeed, it is the only curse. Ignorance is the father of vice. Now the streets of all of our large cities are crowded with children, who at a very early age are turned out of the home for one reason or another. Sometimes it is sickness and poverty, sometimes drunkenness. Perhaps the father spends his time in grog-shops, and the mother goes out washing to secure the bread and the shelter for her family. The family is generally a large one, and the so-called pauper population is steadily increasing. The parents have had no training. The mothers have sat in the gutters and "minded" their brothers and sisters, and now their daughters must do the same. It is all ignorance. Had they been given even a feeble glimmer of light in childhood, it would have grown brighter, and we should have had improvement instead of deterioration.

What is to become of the countries where this ignorant element is constantly increasing? This question any fool can answer.

What is the cure for ignorance? Knowledge of cause. Sensible people do not go stumbling about in dark rooms at the risk of wounding themselves or breaking their necks. They turn on the light. When the light enters there is no more darkness. Darkness is only a negative thing after all, and so is the sin. Turn God's light into a human soul, and it always turns God's way.

It seems to me that the most economical, the most far reaching, the most Christ-like means of helping the world is by the establishment of free kindergartens. I am deeply interested in this work, and I wish my readers would take it into serious consideration. Wherever those beautiful free schools exist the neighborhood immediately changes.

In speaking of a locality in this city which was once a terror, even to the police force, an officer remarked the other day:

"Why, mum, two years ago there wasn't a rockier place in town than this, but it is changed entirely, and all because of that little school down there. I believe it has stopped more drinking than all the temperance lectures from John B. Gough to the present time. You see nobody ever goes to temperance lectures except temperance people, but the fathers get kinder warmed up with the good work these folks are doing for their children, and it takes hold."

"And it takes hold."

Isn't that beautiful?

I could fill a book with the wonderful stories told about the direct effect of these free kindergarten institutions. Is it not a pity that so beneficient a work should languish for lack of means, as it does everywhere in this country?

Mothers and fathers, bestir yourselves. Ignorance must give way to intelligence if we would save our nation, and this can only be accomplished by early education. If you have a kindergarten in your own neighborhood, work for it, and see that you interest others to do the same. If you live where such an institution is not needed, then choose your locality, and send what you can spare to some other place. My interest is universal, though naturally my efforts would have to be confined to the city where I live. Here the annual payment of $3 per year makes one a member of the Brooklyn Kindergarten Association—headquarters, Pratt Institute. Any one who feels a drawing to join this noble society will be gladly welcomed, and failing in this any small sums will be of great use. There is an awful need for more schools and more teachers immediately.

Do be sure and work in your own homes. The above paragraph has reference only to those who are interested in human progress, but where the kindergarten need is not felt where they live.

A friend who has lived almost wholly upon dates and nuts for some months wishes to testify to their assimilative qualities.

This diet she declares to be superior in every way to one composed of meats and vegetables, and recommends it for chronic dyspepsia.

Our friend is very much in earnest, so here is her declaration: "Nuts and dates are very good in their places, and there is no reason why those who like them should not eat them three times a day if they choose."

There is altogether too much talk about dyspepsia and other negative things.

Another correspondent wishes that more attention could be called to the healthfulness of nuts, and sends us a brand new recipe for nut bread. Mix three pints of sifted flour to a dough, using warm milk as a wetting, with a piece of butter the size of an egg, a bit of salt, half a coffee cup of sugar and two yeast cakes. Have ready a pint of large chestnuts which have been boiled tender and add to the dough. Do not raise but once, but have the dough very light. Then pan and bake. This nut bread is said to be a great favorite with children, answering the purpose of cake.

I have not tried this recipe, but it is evidently very practical, though a new departure. One of the most delicious ever eaten is called Messerole pudding, and consists of frozen eggs, cream and what not, filled with the chestnuts our Southern friend recommends for the bread. They are delicious in Messerole pudding, and why shouldn't they be in bread? ELEANOR KIRK.

696 Greene avenue.

THE SOLDIER'S DOG.

BY SISTER MARY COLUMBA.

'Twas night upon the tented plain;
The clouds of war had ceased to lower,
And peaceful slumber once again
Rules empress of the midnight hour.
The moon poured down her lance-like beams
On Belgium's homes through foliage green,
But her full light in glorious streams
Fell on the field where strife had been.

The soldiers slept—some slept in death,
And some in pain half conscious lay
Upon the field where night's cold breath
Might fan their fevered brows 'till day.
The moonlight fell on features pale
That ne'er again would proudly glow,
When loudly on the morning gale
Would come the challenge of the foe.

Napoleon left his silent tent,
More welcome was the soft night air
To that broad brow now slightly 'sprent,
With lines that told of thought and care.
It may be that on Fancy's feet
He trod again the Alpine snows,
Or braved anew that dark defeat
When Moscow's wrath in flames arose.

Thus rapt in thought he wandered on,
Regardless of the patriot dead
Who far from kindred, far from home
For France had fought, for France had bled.
At last he came to where one form
Lay stretched across the path he trod,
From whose deep wounds the life-blood warm
Was oozing on the crimsoned sod.

Why did a tear in silence steal
Adown Napoleon's sunbrowned cheek?
Why did he even gently kneel
And a few words of kindness speak?
For there beside his master's form
Whence life had slowly ebbed away,
Nigh spent by grief's all-conquering storm,
A faithful watch-dog moaning lay.

It whined and licked its master's face;
It paused, it gazed, it whined again,
Nor would he leave the hallowed place
Where the dead warrior must remain
'Till friendly hands would scoop a grave
Deep, deep beneath the blood-stained clay,
And lay to rest the patriot brave
Whose heart had throbbed its last that day.

Napoleon turned away and sighed—
His heart of steel was touched at last,
And every shade of mortal pride
A moment from his soul was cast;
"Oh! would that when my days are o'er
(My days of greatness if they be)
One faithful friend, I'd ask no more,
Would prove but half as true to me."

—*Cork Examiner.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE HOPELESS PARTY.

A Correspondent Writes Intelligently On the Existing Irish Parliamentary Situation.

He Has No Faith in the Rosebery Government—The Prospects of a Long Lease of Tory Power.

[*To the Editor.*]

With the shadows of dissolution falling over a tottering ministry supported on the thoulders of Irelsnd's representative sons, the prospects for Irish hopes and aspirations are by no means unclouded. As each by-election renders narrower the slight margin which stands between the government and defeat the shouts of defiance from Ireland's coroneted foes, become daily more audible and distinct. So confident are Tory leaders of electoral triumph in the immediate future that they are already figuring on cabinet possibilities. Balfour, it appears, is slated to succeed his uncle, the cynical lord of Hatfield, as the coming premier. The Cavendishes, Hamiltons and Beresfords, with other hereditary irresponsible legislators, are likewise booked for distinguished places in the approaching government of the peers. Nor does it seem that men of the party of Chamberlain and Goschen are running before their horses to uncertainty. In this instance they do not reckon without their host. A cabinet composed largely of peers will not be likely to entertain very radical ideas concerning the chamber which stands between the British people and progress. The Liberal party of today is largely tainted with the Whiggery of the past. The lower house itself, by reason of its composition, is largely aristocratic, and the Laboucheres and Keir Hardies are few and far between. So far, indeed, has the government of Lord Rosebery proceeded with its Fabian tactics in dealing with titled obstruction that the rumor is now largely credited that Gladstone retired, owing to the opposition he experienced in the cabinet on the question of fighting the lords. Like Ajax, he would defy the lightning, but it seems that the party of the Scotch noble who now directs the affairs of the British empire prevailed.

To this pusillanimous government are the hopes and welfare of Ireland today entrusted. Her national representatives are content to stand supinely by while a golden opportunity lies in their hands to smite the unyielding foes of everything that savors of Irish nationality. This so-called independent attitude is a sham, because it is but a phantom of their inauguration. The appearance on English hustings as the paid agents of the Liberals in bolstering up a falling party gives the lie to their protestations on Irish platforms. Everywhere we read of directions given to Irish voters in England to vote for Whig candidates in more or less secret alliance with the hostile upper chamber. While the speeches of cabinet ministers deal solely in a compromising spirit, with the annihilators of the late home rule bill, their Irish allies are blind to the fact that until the power of the peers is broken there is no hope for Ireland. The clear path through the forest of difficulties which lay before Ireland and the realization of her asperations, so ably hewn out by the efforts of the great chief, who has passed so untimely away, is every day becoming more obscured. The warring and disbanded rabble he has left behind, like the generals of Alexander, are wasting their strength in internecine strife. They have thoughtlessly listened to the Whig sirens even while the rocks in Charybois were in view.

To the greater Ireland beyond the Atlantic, no less than to the younger Erin which dwells beneath the Southern Cross, these depressing actions of a once great party bear the knell of parliamentary hopes. In this connection, however, hope may be derived from the fact that Parnell, even in the height of his power, viewed with distrust constitutional action. Legislative independence alone was not the goal of Irish endeavor, but was rather to be favored as a resting place on the arduous road of final separation. The prophetic wisdom of this great Irishman in regarding with abhorence a too intimate alliance with the English is becoming every day more and more apparent. His successors seem to be content with the husks of office, and this seems to have descended among the ranks of the people. Even the gift of a petty magistracy is now received with gratitude from Dublin Castle, and this once hated bulwark of English oppression is apparently a power in the land. In the meantime the Dives of England's empire, clad in purple and fine linen, looks on with a smirk of satisfaction at the prospect of a long lease of Tory power, and the undisturbed existence of a legislative class, the vast majority of which are unalterably opposed to everything that is truly national and truly Irish.

WM. J. PURCELL.

Present for Jere Fruin.

Police Commissioner Jere Fruin was presented last night with a life-size bust picture in oils of himself by his admirers. The event was an occasion for the assembling of fully a hundred of his friends. They met at the Four Courts at 8 o'clock p. m., and were driven to Commissioner Fruin's home at Clifton Heights in about twenty carriages. Judge Thomas Morris, of the First District Police Court, acted as chairman, and made the presentation speech. Among the prominent men present were: Excise Commissioner Nick Bell, James Brophy, Judges Spaulding and Morris, Dr. Faulkner, superintendent of the police stables; Chief of Police Harrigan, Assistant Chief of Police Reedy, Larry Harrigan, Jr., Chief of Detectives Desmond, Police Captains O'Malley, Joyce, Campbell and Keeble and many others.—*St. Louis Republic, Jan. 17.*

A PLEA FOR THE ANGLO-SAXON.

Once upon a time, and not a very long time ago, it was customary for the perfervid orator and loose-jointed writer, in eulogizing the English-speaking peoples, to describe them as members of "the glorious Anglo-Saxon race." Many Americans, some Scotsmen, and even an occasional Irishman, accepted and adopted the shibboleth, and at least one eloquent Afro-American orator has been known to appeal to "the genius of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers and the victory which they had wrung from the tyrant on the field of Runnymede."

Of course it is not necessary to tell any student of history that the fusing of races which resulted in the production of the so-called Anglo-Saxon does not justify the con-fusing of ideas that makes one think of the Norman barons as representatives of that race; nor need we, just because the term Anglo-Saxon is of comparatively recent origin, having been invented hardly a century ago by Sharon Turner, deduce the proposition that it is wholly imaginative and unreasonable. The word has a certain definitive value, as distinguishing the English of the anti-Norman time equally from the Britons whom they conquered and from the Normans who in turn conquered them. Without any warrant in fact or philosophy it has been extended so as to take in all Englishmen of later periods; and, without anything but the wildest poetical license it is made to comprehend all speakers of the English tongue, English, Irish, Scottish, American, Hindoo, Canadian and Afro-American.

So misinterpreted, it has done duty through generations as a vague though comprehensible term. But its day is done. The Anglo-Saxon myth is doomed. A newer and more nebulous claimant has arisen, and the shadowy sceptre of the Anglo-Saxon is passing into the hands of the but lately-born Scotch-Irishman. The latter has many points of vantage in his pretensions to the throne. He has eloquent advocates, like Congressman Champ Clark, who demonstrates to his own satisfaction at least that the Scotch-Irish of Tennessee, Kentucky and thereabout could have determined the fate of the Union or of the Confederacy, had they seen fit to give their united support to one or the other. Col. Henry Watterson also, at the New England dinner in New York last month, confessed that the same element was the most potent of all in swaying the destinies of the United States; and Rev. John Hall has frankly admitted that without the help of himself and his compatriots of the hybrid race, Providence would have no sinecure in governing the destinies of this country. He quoted figures to show that the immigration from Scoto-Ireland, wherever that country may be, in the early days of the American settlements was large enough, counting the natural increase of population since then, to furnish every living American with a Scotch-Irish ancestry. The Anglo-Saxon simply is nowhere as a factor of American life.

It is against that deduction that we raise a feeble protest. Admitting that the Anglo-Saxon is a myth, we object to having him supplanted by a greater myth. It isn't fair. He has held his own in literature for a hundred years. He has furnished countless poets and orators with a theme for sonorous periods and strophes. It is not meet or proper that he should be dethroned by an infant myth, scarcely half a dozen years old. It is perplexing and annoying, when one has come to believe in its existence as implicitly as in that of Santa Claus or Robinson Crusoe, to have an iconoclast come forward and assert that "there ain't no sich a person," and that the original and only Jacobs is a Scotch-Irishman, of whom nobody in Scotland or Ireland ever heard until the day before yesterday.

Nor does it improve matters when a well-meaning writer endeavors to amalgamate the two myths, as is the case with a recent biographer of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who says: "The subject of this sketch was born in British India, of a Russian father and French mother. He is a typical Anglo-Saxon, and exemplifies in his literary work the genius of the great Scotch-Irish race which has done so much to give lustre to American letters."

We object to all this. The Anglo-Saxon is entitled to some sort of a show. He never had much at any time. The Arthurian legends give him no place in English literature, and the ruthless Norman gentleman who overcame and enslaved him, accorded scant courtesy to the "Saxon churl." He was a fat-witted dolt, according to all the traditions of the past, but there is no especial reason why he should be supplanted as a popular myth by the wholly non-existent Scotch-Irishman. It is true that he did not cut a conspicuous figure on the stage of history. The Norman made him a serf; the Tudor, the Stuart and the Hanoverian treated him as conquered chattel. Every English poet, from Shakespeare to Tennyson, and every English noble (to pass from the great to the small) claimed Norman descent when the question of blood was considered; but the Anglo-Saxon, the plain, humble, despised hind, had many civic and domestic virtues combined with capabilities for higher things. He had many solid qualities, vastly superior to the showy Norman pretensions; and in the interests alike of philology and justice we protest against having the Anglo-Saxon superseded by the Scotch-Irish regiment, just as we should object to having mock turtle soup replaced by an imitation thereof on the bill of fare.—*Boston Pilot.*

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

WRECK ON VANDALIA.

TRAIN JUMPS TRACK AND TWO PEOPLE REPORTED KILLED

And Forty Injured, Some of Whom May Swell the Death Roll—Mrs. Zelda Seguin-Wallace, the Famous Singer, One of the Wounded.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 29.—A terrible wreck, causing loss of life and maimed limbs, occurred at Coatesville at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Vandalia train No. 2, due in this city at 2:30, was wrecked by the spreading of the rails. Two persons were killed almost instantly and four or five were seriously injured. The train was running at full speed and was about twenty minutes late. It had just passed the town of Coatesville and was rounding a curve when the tracks spread. The private car of President R. W. McKeen, which was in the rear, jumped the tracks. This was followed by the parlor car and and then the ladies' car. All went off the track, the two rear cars going down the embankment ten feet before the train could be stopped. The smoker left the track, but did not go over.

Died Shortly After Their Rescue.

Two rear cars caught fire, but were extinguished when the work of rescue began. A man died soon after being taken from the car. In his pocket were found letters indicating that his name was John W. Norton, manager of the Grand Opera House at St. Louis. He was carried to a school house unconscious, and lived only a short time. Mrs. W. S. Towers, Carthage, Mo., was carried from the car, and died while being taken to the school house. The injured were carried up the embankment to houses, and soon the townspeople and physicians gathered to give assistance.

About a Forty More or Less Hurt.

The injured are: Margaret Roberts, 567 Park avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., face, breast and internal injuries; Ewing O. Whitting, Boston, bad cut over left eye; Mrs. Ewing O. Whitting, Boston, injured about side and breast seriously; S. Neugeon, Vigo, Tex., seriously hurt about head—probably fatally; F. L. Wrap, hurt about head, not seriously; Dr. H. J. Talbott, Indianapolis, seriously hurt about head and internally injured; Mrs. N. W. Ferguson, Terre Haute, right side hurt and internally injured; Mrs. D. Hudson, Greencastle, Ind., cut on right side of head—not serious; Gertrude Parrish, 4-year-old girl, Palestine, Ills., cut on side of face—not serious; W. S. Towers, Carthage, Mo., badly hurt in side; D. W. Minshall, Terre Haute, seriously cut and fears of internal injury; Lulu Sheets, Indianapolis, badly hurt about knees: J. J. Lea, Mansfield, O., leg mashed; John W. Cravens, editor Greencastle, Ind., World, rib broken and badly bruised; Mrs. Zelda Seguin-Wallace, Indianapolis, hurt in back—not dangerous; Richard Trauch, Brazil, Ind., head hurt; J. W. Mitchell, Terre Haute, skull fractured; Mrs. Delfi, Omaha, Neb., badly bruised; Joseph H. Dillon, traveling salesman, New York, badly bruised; Mrs. J. P. H. Dillon, New York, badly bruised and arm broken; L. W. D. Beebe, Paris, Ills., bruised about the head; Frank Gully, Washington, D. C., Pullman car conductor, badly bruised; Mrs. Rothschild, Ogden, Utah, badly bruised; Mrs. D. L. Anderson, Greencastle, Ind., hurt about head; Mrs. Fescus, Terre Haute, ribs broken, internal injuries; Andrew Johnson, Pullman porter, right arm broken; Charles Jones, colored porter, Indianapolis, hurt in back; C. F. Carson, Elmira, N. Y., hip crushed and eye gouged out; C. Sherwood, Nyack, N. Y., shoulder-blade broken; W. I. Sherwood, Nyack, N. Y., one eye knocked out; C. H. Schmienmier, Evansville, Ind., hurt internally; Representative Faris, Eighth Indiana district, bad cut over left eye.

There were a dozen others less seriously injured. The identity of the man killed has been confirmed. He is the St. Louis theatrical manager and is well known in both this country and Europe, as a promotor of theatrical enterprises. He was also at one time a newspaper man.

LATER.—Mr. Norton is not dead but his recovery is impossible.

MORE CHICORA WRECKAGE FOUND.

One of the Lost Vessel's Boats and Much More of the Cabin.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., Jan. 26.—The finding of more wreckage of the Chicora is reported. The clerk's office door and one of the Chicora's boats, also much more wreckage of her cabin, are reported found. President Graham now believes that she foundered Monday afternoon and that she was torn to pieces by the floating ice and huge waves.

Reports that the steamer Petoskey had gone in search of the Chicora were false, as the Petoskey is at St. Joseph with miles of solid ice before her. Relatives of the lost crew have given up all hopes and searching parties have been sent to look for the bodies of the unfortunate men.

BENTON HARBOR, Mich., Jan. 28.—One living thing escaped from the wreck of the Chicora. It was a Skye terrier called "Rough," which came ashore last Tuesday night to a farmer's house eight miles north of this place.

BENTON HARBOR, Mich., Jan. 29.—The continuing gale has given the work of searching for the Chicora's wreck a decided set back. Officials of the Graham & Morton Transportation company have made every effort to get tugs out.

The Dunham Towing company, of Chicago, refused to send one tug out, and said they would not send two until the weather moderated. A telegram from Saugatuck states that much of the Chicora's wreck, including her spars, has been found along that shore.

Board of Trade Firm Fails.

CHICAGO, Jan. 26.—William Young & Co., one of the oldest firms on the Chicago Board of Trade, failed. The firm had been very bullish in wheat for fully six months past and the gradual decline of that product weakened it seriously, yet it was supposed on the floor that Young & Co. had evened up their business pretty well and would pull through all right. As it is, their liabilities will not exceed a few thousand dollars.

Twenty-One People Drowned.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—Severe storms prevail over all the coasts of Great Britain, France and Holland. In Scotland the fall of snow has been particularly heavy. A fishing boat belonging to Dunbar, with a crew of seven on board, has been lost and off Port Reath, Cornwall, a vessel, with a crew of fourteen men, has gone down.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Proceedings of the National Lawmakers in Both Houses.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—In the senate Jones and Smith presented plans for meeting the currency complication. The propositions differed widely. Smith's providing for a temporary bond issue pending an investigation by a "monetary commission" composed of senators, members of the house, and civilians, while Jones' plan provides for a bond issue and conditional restoration of silver. They were debated until the Nicaragua bill came up, when Turple spoke against that bill, making a bitter attack thereon, and also upon Morgan, its principal advocate. Burrows of Michigan made his first appearance as a senator, and was sworn in.

Dingley warned the house that the Paris tribunal regulations were about to annihilate the seals. The remainder of the day was devoted to the sundry civil bill, and fifty-five pages out of 105 were disposed of without amendment.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The vote on the Nicaragua canal bill will be taken up in the senate at 5 o'clock this afternoon unless some unexpected parliamentary obstruction is interposed. This was the culmination of the long debate on that subject. Another chapter to the Hawaiian question has been added, Allen (Pop.) presenting a resolution for annexation and George making a speech supporting the administration policy. Another new senator, Pritchard of North Carolina, was sworn in. The session closed with the rapid passage of twenty-one pension bills.

The house devoted all its time to the consideration of the sundry civil appropriation with such success that at the hour of adjournment it had nearly completed the reading of the bill. The case of Judge Ricks had an echo in the adoption of an amendment making it unlawful for clerks of United States courts to include in their emoluments fees not earned and due at the time their acts were rendered and forbidding the allowance of fees not actually earned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The daily wrangle over the Hawaiian troubles was duly held in the senate, and was again cut off by the Nicaragua canal bill, which was brought to a vote and passed by yeas, 31; nays, 21.

The house passed the sundry civil bill carrying $39,125,721. Sayres proposed an amendment that none of the sum for printing United States notes be used for printing them of larger denominations than those retired; rejected. Coombs proposed the retirement of the gold certificates and that they be not receivable for duties after July 1 next; adopted.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—President Cleveland's policy toward Hawaii was sustained in the senate by a vote of 24 to 22. The resolution offered by Vest as an amendment to a previous resolution on the subject by Allen of Nebraska declares the policy of the administration regarding the islands deserves the approval and support of the American people. Except as to Pettigrew, who voted with the Democrats, the division was on party lines and his vote was the winning one. Frye and Lodge replied to the speech of Mills. It was agreed that the bankruptcy bill should be unfinished business and the rest of the day was devoted to eulogies on the late Representative O'Neill.

The house passed a bill providing special rules for the navigation of the great lakes. The bill to repeal the differential duty on sugar against countries that pay an export bounty was taken up and occupied the remainder of the day.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The president's message on the financial situation was listened to attentively by the senators and sent to the finance committee. The bill relating to the Ute Indians, their removal to Utah and lands in severalty to them was passed. A resolution was adopted asking the treasury if there will be a deficiency for the year ending Dec. 31, 1895. The bankruptcy bill was taken up and an executive session held.

The house referred the president's message and Springer's financial bill based thereon to the banking and currency committee. The bill to repeal the differential on sugar was debated without action. A survey of Kalamazoo (Mich.) harbor was authorized.

ON TRIAL FOR CONSPIRACY.

Eugene V. Debs with His Comrades to Go Before a Jury.

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—Eugene V. Debs and his associates in the American Railway Union were called for trial before a jury of peers for the first time, though they had just been released on bail from serving sentences of six and three months in the Woodstock jail. The first of the conspiracy indictments was taken up and the work of impaneling a jury was begun before Judge Grosscup in the United States district court. When the court adjourned nine men had been placed in the custody of a United States marshal. They were accepted as jurors by counsel for the government, but not by counsel for defendants, who will pass upon them today.

Debs said Woodstock was a model jail. Said he: "Sheriff Eckert, Mrs. Eckert, and their daughter treated us as if we were members of their own family. Our food, while plain, was substantial, well cooked, and abundant; we had the same that supplied the sheriff's table. Last evening we had a farewell reception and entertainment, in which Mrs. Eckert and Miss Eckert took part. We had music and recitations and a good time generally. Howard sang 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' and wound up with 'Home, Sweet Home,' I recited, and every one contributed to the entertainment. When the time came for leave-taking this morning everybody expressed regret at our departure Mrs. Eckert and her daughter said it seemed like the breaking up of the family, and there were tears in some eyes. We have nothing but words of praise for our hosts at Woodstock jail."

CHICAGO, Jan. 26.—After two days' work a jury in the Debs' conspiracy case has been obtained and today the taking of testimony will probably begin.

Fitz Held in $10,000 Bail.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Robert Fitzsimmons, accompanied by his attorney E. M. Friend, of New York, has reached this city and appeared before Justice Vant in the court of oyer and terminer to answer to a charge of manslaughter for the killing of Con Riordan. He pleaded not guilty and was held in $10,000 bail, which was promptly supplied.

President Faure's First Message.

PARIS, Jan. 29.—In the senate and in the chamber of deputies the first message of President Faure was read. Then the chamber of deputies passed the amnesty bill by an overwhelming majority and the government defeated the first attack made upon it by the opposition.

EIGHT LIVES LOST.

FRIGHTFUL BOILER EXPLOSION AT MENDOTA, ILLS.

Five Story Brewery Building Completely Wrecked by a Boiler-Burst—Six Other Men Severely Injured—The Whole Town Shaken by the Shock.

MENDOTA, Ills., Jan. 26.—At 8 o'clock yesterday afternoon the main building of Henning's brewery in this city was wrecked by a boiler explosion, the concussion being so great that every building in the city was badly shaken. The building destroyed was five stories in height and filled with machinery. The force of the explosion completely demolished it, killing six men and badly injuring six others. The killed are: C. Seifert, foreman; David Wells, fireman; David Gheer, engineer; Lemuel de Shaso, iceman; Henry Pert, laborer; John Kennedy, a well-borer, of DeKalb.

The injured: James Love, Chicago, arm broken and head badly cut; A. McLeod, Chicago, head and face cut; George Parker, Chicago, head cut; F. M. Carpenter, badly hurt; William Long, badly hurt; Henry Varmore, badly hurt.

The Chicago men and Kennedy, of DeKalb, had but lately come here, and were engaged in sinking a well near the building. Up to a late hour no more bodies had been found in the debris, and a blinding snowstorm almost stops work, but it is thought more men are buried under tons of brick and beams. The loss of property amounts to over $100,000, and a large number of men are thrown out of employment.

Building Fell in a Heap.

The explosion seemed to have an upward tendency, lifting the building, and then everything fell in a huge heap in the center of the inclosure. All was excitement, and many were driven frantic with the thought that husband, father or son might be beneath the ruins. Women, bareheaded and wild with fear, braved the wind and cutting snow that some tidings of the injured might be learned. In the excitement a number of citizens received injuries in removing beams and lumber. Never before has this city suffered such a blow and many are the conjectures as to the number of dead at the bottom of that great heap of brick and mortar and broken machinery.

Larger Dead-Roll Looked For.

The work of removing the ruins is progressing slowly and it will be a day or more before the list of dead will be complete. When the explosion occurred every building in the city was shaken and men rushed to every conceivable place to learn the cause of the concussion and when the real cause and the terrible results were learned a gloom of sadness fell upon the town. The dead are men highly respected and several of them are prominent secret society members.

MENDOTA, Ills., Jan. 28.—Two more men were killed by the explosion in the Henning brewery than reported at first. These were Adam Biersheil and William Long. Two more are missing.

WAR TO BE DECLARED.

Today or Tomorrow Mexico and Guatemala Will Lock Horns.

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 25.—Guatemala's answer has been received, and the minister of foreign affairs of Mexico says it will be presented formally to the cabinet and president today. It is said to mean war and that war will be declared today or tomorrow.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 25.—Consul General Diaz Duran, of Guatemala, has been recalled by President Barrios to take command of a military force in the war with Mexico, which he believes to be impending. He has received a dispatch from the Guatemalan war department confirming the war news and stating that every able-bodied Guatemalan is needed by his government.

NOGALES, A. T., Jan. 25.—The Mexican consul of Guatemala city has been given his passports, thus terminating friendly relation between Guatemala and Mexico. The consul says it is false.

RUSSIA'S GREAT DIPLOMAT DEAD.

Chief Guardian of the Czar's Foreign Interests Since the Berlin Treaty.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 28.—Nicolas Carlovitch de Giers, a Russian statesman of Swedish origin who died Saturday night, was born May 9, 1820 (old style). He was educated in the Imperial Lyceum at Zarskojo, Selce, and when 18 years old entered the Asiatic department of the ministry of foreign affairs. Aug. 1, 1863, he was made ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Teheran, where he remained until 1869. From the conclusion of the treaty of Berlin De Giers was the chief guardian of the foreign interests of Russia. April, 1882, on the retirement of Prince Gortschakoff he was advanced to the post of minister of foreign affairs.

FRIGHTFUL EARTHQUAKE HAVOC.

Loss of Life Enormous in the Convulsion That Destroyed Kuchan.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—A dispatch to The Times from Teheran gives further details of the destructive earthquake at Kuchan. The town was in ruins in three minutes. The loss of life was enormous. Most of the victims were crushed to death by falling buildings, but many were burned to death, the ruins in which they were entangled having caught fire.

Six hundred were entombed in a mosque while engaged in prayer. Six hundred other persons perished in the various baths. The survivors could obtain neither food nor water for three days, the telegraph lines having been destroyed. Many who escaped before killed by the earthquake perished from hunger and exposure. The weather was very cold.

Epidemic of Scarlet Fever.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 26.—Scarlet fever is raging in Kansas City, Kan. Nineteen cases have been reported in the vicinity of London Heights school. Two pupils were taken ill while attending that school and it has been closed. The disease continues to spread and much alarm is felt.

Train Burglars Sentenced.

MUSCATINE, Ia., Jan. 26.—Foster and Brown, the Rock Island train burglars, have been sentenced to ten years in the state prison. They pleaded guilty.

Lord Randolph Churchill Dead.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—Lord Randolph Churchill died at 6 o'clock this morning. He had been for several weeks, lying at the point of death from paralysis.

LULL IN THE STRIKE.

Brooklyn's First Quiet Day for About Two Weeks.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 28.—Master Workman Connelly has sent the following letter to President Lewis, of the Brooklyn Heights Railway company:

"SIR:—As master workman of district assembly 75, K. of L., of which organization the men in your employ on Jan. 18, 1892, are members, I offer you the services of these men upon the terms offered to you for signature by the executive board of district assembly No. 75, K. of L., on Dec. 26, 1894, or upon the terms of the agreement which existed between the Brooklyn Heights Railroad company and district assembly 75, K. of L., during the year 1894, as the terms of agreement which you shall accept, to govern the relations between employe and employer during the year 1895."

BROOKLYN, Jan. 28.—Were it not for the scarcity of cars yesterday one would not have thought that one of the biggest strikes in the history of Brooklyn was in progress. Church-goers had to walk to church in many instances, or take chances in the enormous crowds which took possession of the cars. Otherwise there was perfect calm. Large crowds assembled around the stations, where military guards are stationed, but there was no violence there, and the bantering the troops received was of a good-natured kind. Those in position to draw conclusions from facts, and without prejudice, say that the strike is about ended. The companies seem to be in a position to run their cars. They are not skilfully operated, and throughout the day there were many collisions and there was much bumping together, but there was no accident of a serious nature.

The railway officials declare that the strike has practically ceased to exist. Many of the strikers are said to be applying for work. All the officials declare they have more applications than places and yesterday for the first time no wires were being cut. Master Workman Connelly does not agree with this. He says the railways are crippled for want of hands, and that he has no intention of calling off the strike.

CLEVELAND'S SPECIAL MESSAGE.

Its Burden Is Retire the Greenbacks to Save the Gold Reserve.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The president has sent a brief message to congress on the financial situation. He admits the practical failure of the two recent bond issues, and shows why they failed—because the man who could send gold to Europe at a profit and the other man who was doubtful in these days of silver agitation of getting the equivalent of gold for the greenback when he wanted it, were both presenting the greenbacks for redemption and thereby drawing the gold from the treasury.

As long as the greenbacks and other redeemable paper were in circulation this process would go on, and he therefore advises the issue of 3 per cent. bonds to retire and cancel the greenbacks and keep the reserve up to its limit. The reissue of greenbacks is the trouble, mostly, in his view. The bonds are to be used by national banks as security for their issues of currency.

The plan is received by silver men with strong opposition, by anti-silver (at 16-to-1) Democrats with approval, and Republicans who say anything—except, of course, silver Republicans—also approve it.

Recent Senatorial Elections.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—Following are recent senatorial elections: California, Senator Perkins beating Editor De Young, West Virginia, S. B. Elkins; Illinois, Shelby M. Cullom, re-elected; Wyoming, Francis E. Warren for the full term beginning March 4 next, and C. D. Clark to fill the vacancy caused by failure to elect at last session; Tennessee, Senator Harris; New Jersey, William J. Sewell; Kansas, Lucien Baker; South Dakota, R. F. Pettigrew; North Carolina, Marion Butler (Pop.) and J. C. Pritchard (Rep). There is a deadlock in the Minnesota legislature with Nelson in the lead, and the same condition in Idaho legislature with Sweet leading.

Failure at Buffalo.

BUFFALO, Jan. 28.—The firm of D. E. Morgan Son & Allen has failed. Liabilities $100,000.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@4 per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@489¼ for demand and 486¼@486¾ for sixty days; posted rates 489@490; commercial bills 487@487¼.

Silver certificates 59½c bid; no sales; bar silver, 59¾. Mexican dollars 48¾.

United States government bonds 5's regular 116½; 5's coupons 116½; 4's regular 113¾; 4's coupons 113¾; 2's regular 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—January, opened 50½c, closed 50¾c; May, opened 53½c, closed 53¾c; July, opened 53¾c, closed 54¼c. Corn—January, opened 43c, closed 41½c; May, opened 45¾c, closed 44¾c; July, opened 45¼c, closed 45½c. Oats—January, opened —c, closed 28¼c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 29¼c; June, opened 29½c, closed 29¼c. Pork—January, opened $—, closed $10.32½; May, opened $10.75, closed $10.57½. Lard—January, opened $6.55¼ closed $6.55¼.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23½c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 8@10c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 18c per doz., less off. Dressed Poultry—Spring chickens, 6½@7c per lb.; turkeys, 6@8c; ducks, 8@10c; geese, 7@9c. Potatoes—Burbanks good to choice, 54@57c per bu.; Hebrons, 53@55c; Early Rose, 47@53c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.25@1.30 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod; fair to good, $9.00@10.00 per bbl; choice to fancy, $11.00@12.00. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 23,000; sales ranged at $3.90@4.05 pigs, $3.95@4.35 light, $4.10@4.25 rough packing, $4.10@4.55 mixed, and $4.20@4.60 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 10,000; quotations ranged at $4.80@5.50 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.30@4.75 good to choice do., $3.85@4.40 fair to good, $3.30@3.90 common to medium do., $3.60@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.10@2.90 stockers, $3.50@3.60 feeders, $1.35@2.70 cows, $2.20@2.80 heifers, $1.80@2.80 bulls, $2.70@3.70 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers and $3.00@4.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.35 westerns, $1.75@3.00 Texans, $1.80@4.00 natives and $3.50@4.70 lambs.

SOLONS OF ILLINOIS.

REPORT OF THEIR PROCEEDINGS AT SPRINGFIELD.

The Lawmakers Hard at Work Introducing Bills and Resolutions in Both Branches of the Legislature—Prairie State News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 24.—After the ratification by the senate and house of the separate action of those houses, resulting in the formal declaration by both houses in joint convention of the election of Shelby M. Cullom as United States senator, Paisley, Green and Mahoney were permitted to be recorded as senators who would have voted for MacVeagh Tuesday had they been present. The resolution in favor of a pension for General McClernand was concurred in, Hamer criticising General Grant's action in retiring McClernand. Bills introduced: To suppress fortune-telling; to use license money from saloons to improve the roads; for a state board of arbitration; appropriating $28,500 for normal school at Normal and $190,000 for Anna insane hospital.

In the house these bills were presented: To incorporate political parties; appropriating $22,116 for southern Illinois normal school and $33,975 to blind institute; to erect an asylum for incurably insane; appropriating $36,000 for state normal university.

After the formal announcement of Cullom's election the senator appeared and expressed his thanks for the honor. He favored the regulations of corporations and said the financial problem had two phases—revenue and currency. Revenue must be settled first; the revenue must be increased until it paid expenses, if necessary by the issue of bonds. The expenses could not be reduced, he thought. After that was attended to then the currency could be taken up.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 25.—The state senate referred the evidence in the Wilson-McKinley contested election case. Committee on rules reported three new committees—farm drainage, Lincoln monument, and fish and game; adopted. The list of standing committees was read and adopted. Adjourned to next Tuesday, Democrats voting no. In the house a constitutional amendment was proposed relating to the valuation of property for taxation. A resolution was introduced to appoint a committee to consider the convict labor question with a view to taking that labor out of competition with free labor.

Bills were introduced: Providing for county local option; prohibiting the blacklisting of employes; prohibiting manufacture, sale or giving away of cigarettes; appropriating annually $1,000 to the State Dairymen's association. Adjourned to Tuesday. This is in accordance with the time-honored custom of taking a rest after electing a United States senator.

Illinois State Bar Association.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 25.—Men learned in the law from all over the state are in Springfield. There are learned jurists, practitioners of great skill, pleaders, men distinguished at the bar and men fresh from the law schools. But they are lawyers and not lawmakers. They are here to attend the eighteenth annual meeting of the Illinois State Bar association which convened in the supreme court room at the state house at 9 o'clock in the morning. It will remain in session two days and will wind up with a banquit and ball at the Leland.

Illinois State Fair Grounds.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 26.—The state board of agriculture has awarded contracts for the erection of the following buildings at the state fair grounds: Grand stand, $35,000; machinery hall, $60,00; administration building, $30,000; poultry, $15,000; agriculture, $40,000; dairy, $15,000; sheep and hogs, $18,000; sixteen barns, $40,000; warehouse, $5,000; grounds, $25,000. The board increased the speed premiums from $4,500 last year to $18,000, and the total premiums from $28,000 last year to $40,000 and joined the American Trotting association.

Smallpox Cases Close the Schools.

STEWARD, Ills., Jan. 29.—Two children of Ole Gunderson—a boy 9 years old and a girl of 15 years—were taken sick Saturday. Dr. Gardner was called Sunday and pronounced the disease smallpox. Monday morning Dr. Carleton, of Rochelle, was summoned in consultation and said the cases were genuine. The children attended school Friday. School has been closed and a large number are supposed to have been exposed.

May End in a Row.

ANNA, Ills., Jan. 29.—The resignation of M. V. Eaves of this city as treasurer of the Illinois southern hospital for the insane has created much feeling and will likely precipitate a row and result in one or more resignations from the board of trustees. The resignation of Mr. Eaves was asked by the board of trustees.

Notes of the State.

A 200-acre farm near Wheaton, Ills., has been purchased by Chicago devotees of golf and polo.

George McKenzie, living near Rochelle, Ills., was found dead in bed. He had been skating the night before and fell on the ice, but did not think he had injured himself seriously.

In Newton, Ills., Pearl Gilmore was perhaps fatally shot by Charles H. Smith. It was the outcome of an altercation over Smith's discharge by Gilmore's firm.

At a largely attended meeting of coal miners at Belleville, Ills., called to decide whether to organize a general strike throughout that district, the conservative element prevailed, and the men will remain at work.

Highwaymen of Hyde Park, Chicago, abducted Miss Anna Behnke for the purpose of robbing her, but abandoned the plan and released her.

Judge Allen, of the United States circuit court, at Springfield, Ills., has appointed George P. Jones, of Chicago, receiver of the Columbia Straw Board company (paper trust).

Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, has issued a requisition upon the governor of Kansas for the extradition of Katie Dugan and Jesse Hamner, wanted at Lincoln, Logan county, for conspiracy and under arrest in Bourbon county, Kas.

David Hampton Electrocuted.

SING SING, N. Y., Jan. 28.—David Hampton, the murderer of Mrs. Annetta Ahrens, a widow 70 years old, of New York, went to the electrical chair. He was apparently resigned to his fate. He spent his last day on earth with his spiritual advisers, Rev. Father Creedon and Rev. Father McGuire and Sisters Mary and Clotilde, from the House of the Good Shepherd, Tarrytown.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Jan. 23.

The latest counterfeit is a $10 silver certificate, series 1891; check letter B, Tillman register, D. N. Morgan, treasurer, Hendricks portrait.

The Waco (Texas) cotton palace, recently destroyed by fire, is to be rebuilt.

The extent to which industries are now specialized was illustrated by the arrest in Paris of Mme. Bide, whose specialty was the stealing of pipes. She had accumulated a magnificent collection of 3,000 pipes, including thirty finely colored meerschaums. She got eight months in prison for them.

It is stated that the arms which the insurrectionists in Hawaii didn't know how to use were purchased in British Columbia and landed on the island by an opium smuggler.

A bill has been prepared at the instance of Hartford labor unions for a law to prevent the employment in shops of married women whose husbands are able to support them. The reason is that many married women are crowding out young girls who cannot obtain employment.

Thursday, Jan. 24.

Joseph P. Planta, a fugitive magistrate from Nanaimo, B. C., charged with embezzlement, has been arrested at Seattle, Wash.

Pana, Ills., citizens have contributed thirty car loads of coal and provisions for the destitute of Nebraska and Kansas.

Dr. Saens Pena, president of the Argentine Republic, has resigned. Senor Uriburn was chosen to succeed him.

Benjamin Van Tyle, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., a colored man, has just celebrated the 114th anniversary of his birth. He was born a slave in New York state and was sold three times.

The latest story from Paris is that the recent change in presidents was the result of the domestic infelicity of Casimir-Perier, who is now suing for a divorce.

The French wine crop for 1894, including Corsica and Algiers, amounts to 1,117,870,000 gallons, valued at $185,800,000, at 16 cents per gallon.

The school board of St. Joseph, Mo., has voted unanimously to expel any pupil using cigarettes, whether on or off the school grounds.

Friday, Jan. 25.

Three persons were burned to death in Brooklyn. The victims were: Antonio Graff, Frank McSorley and Tony Schultz.

Clarence Schrader and Gus Cash, of Marshall, Mo., each aged 14 years, while attempting to cross Heath's creek, were drowned.

Mrs. Bessie Webb Loughbridge, wife of Professor R. H. Loughbridge, of the university of California, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid at Berkeley, Cal. Ill health was the cause.

The output of iron ore for the German empire during the year 1894 was 5,559,323 tons, an increase of 606,174 tons over the output of 1893.

Obituary: At Newport, R. I., Captain N. C. Martin, U. S. N., retired, aged 76. At Frankfort, Ind., George Mitchell. At Newark, N. J., Joseph Eno, of Cairo, Ills.

Seventy-five Haverhill, Mass., shoe manufacturers have agreed to submit the strike to arbitration.

A plan is in contemplation to establish a national printers' home—for old and dependent printers—at Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Saturday, Jan. 26.

Minister Gray, our representative at the Mexican capital, is positive in his belief that there will be no war between Mexico and Guatemala.

The secretary of the treasury has authorised the sale of gold bars for export on payment of a premium of one-eighth of 1 per cent. to cover the cost of manufacture and transportation.

When Oliver Lower, of DeKalb, Lawrence county, N. Y., was discharged from the army at the close of the war, instead of going home to his family he went west. His wife married again, and now Lower has returned to his old home to find himself wifeless. He is now looking for his children.

The heaviest snow storm of the season has fallen at Chicago and over the west and northwest. It came from Texas.

Quigley, the New York bond forger, was sent to penitentiary for fifteen years by the new Gotham recorder, Goff.

The Berlin Volksblatt has been confiscated for publishing an article entitled "Ode to Agam," which was regarded as a parody on Emperor William's "Song to Ægir."

Monday, Jan. 28.

In spite of the assertion of Captain Conlon, of the ill-fated State of Missouri, that no lives were lost when she sank four bodies have been found of negro deckhands who were drowned in the disaster.

On a train at Vicksburg, Miss., John Thompson, a Kentuckian afflicted with "tremens" shot and killed a car inspector named Shuley, and wounded seriously Policeman Baller and an unknown negro.

El Paso, Tex., is congratulating itself that if war arises between Mexico and Guatemala that town will be Mexico's base of supplies.

Much against his will, but fearful of the results if he refused, the sultan has consented that two English reporters shall investigate the Armenian outrages on the ground.

The actress Marie Burroughs was robbed at Philadelphia of all her jewelry. A sneak thief entered her hotel room during her absence at the theater.

The gold reserve at last report was down to $56,069,989, and there is talk of another issue of bonds.

Must Praise Hood's

"I was troubled with Dyspepsia, and was in such a condition I could not walk. In a week after I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

I Felt Better

Since taking four bottles I am perfectly cured—never felt better in my life. I can work hard, eat heartily and sleep well. My wife says there is nothing like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Can't help praising Hood's." JOHN W. SNYDER, Saville, Pennsylvania. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Indigestion.

MACHA.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

Sir Humphrey Gilbert dressed his wife in a lady's garb and surrounded her with all the appointments that were suited to her new station. The first jar to his happiness was given by his perception that, beautiful as was Macha in her silks and laces and trinkets, musical as was her speech, graceful as were her movements, there was yet something wanting in her to make her a bride that could be presented, without risk of criticism, to his friends. The enchanting mountain girl, with her picturesque beauty and wild charming ways, was no more. The lovely Lady Gilbert was a little too unconventional, with her soft brogue, her vivid and figurative language, her quick natural gestures, her little slips in grammar and artless habitual utterance of the truth. But Sir Humphrey was very patient with her and set to work to polish his precious gem in the rough.

A long time passed over, and the husband felt no desire to revisit the highlands of Connaught.

"Dear," said his wife to him one day, "when are we going back to see my mother?"

She was standing before him in a flowing robe of soft white stuff, with her honey colored hair dressed by a French maid, with jewels in her ears and flowers at her breast, looking such a picture of beauty and refinement that even the peculiar intonation that still clung to her speech could not declare her other than a lady. Macha possessed in a high degree the power of adapting herself to the ways of those around her. Her husband recognized this power in her and relied upon it to carry him through the consequences of his own rash and extraordinary conduct. He was grateful to his wife for the persistent efforts he saw her make, knowing she was influenced solely by love for him, for she took but little interest in the pleasures that surrounded her. He did not know how far she was influenced by another motive also, the desire to earn a reward, in the fulfillment of his promise to bring her back to her native hills.

So long ago did it seem, that folly that had married him to a peasant wife, that all recollection of the details of the circumstances had almost passed away from his mind. He was a man of quick, overpowering impulses and memories that faded with ease. Things that were full of pathetic interest to him yesterday were very likely to be follies to him today. Yet he was faithful in his affection for Macha, and the sight of her struggling with her difficulties, laboring to make herself all that he could wish and succeeding by the inspiration of something like genius touched and delighted the best feelings of his nature. He was the more disposed to be satisfied with the results of his marriage because his wife's low extraction was a secret from his associates. It was believed that she was the daughter of a noble but impoverished Irish family; that she had been neglected in her early years and educated by her husband. A pretty romance had been constructed, how or by whom Sir Humphrey did not know. His wife's gentle grace was the real foundation for it, and, at all events, he had not the courage to contradict the tale.

With all this good luck there was something wanting to their happiness. Macha did not fall into raptures with the splendors of her home, not with the amusements of society, nor with the flatteries and triumphs that fell to her share. She only half lived in luxury by her husband's side; the other half of her lived on the mountain among the privations to which she was born. Under her rich sables she shuddered at the cold on her mother's limbs, and by her own glowing fireside she kept counting the sods of turf that might have been saved from the rainy season to keep warmth in the aged grandmother's withered frame.

She heard the little sisters saying: "What is Macha doing? Macha is so happy she has forgotten us!" The heart within her was getting every day more chilly, because as yet her husband's promise did not seem likely to be fulfilled. At last she had summoned courage and asked him the question, "When will you let me see my mother?"

Sir Humphrey was troubled. He was quite resolved never to let Macha return to her people, and he had hoped that the desire to go to them would have faded away from her before now. There was something in her face which he could not understand, but which made him feel that he must deal very gently with her.

"It is out of the question at present, love," he said, "but you shall send her any present you please."

She shut her eager lips, seeing that her husband would not bear to be urged. He went hurriedly out of the room, and Macha stood silently by the fire, with a strange gray cloud overshadowing her face. The third summer had gone by, and now again the winter was passing, and she seemed farther than ever from attaining the great desire of her heart. A minute she stood where he had left her, with closed eyes, climbing in spirit the rough ascent to the mountain cabin. In imagination she threw herself at her mother's feet, begged her forgiveness, assured her of her love, pleaded her inability to keep her word.

Then, with a long sigh, she unclosed her eyes, unbent her brows and patiently went about her occupations. She took advantage of her husband's permission to send a present—a cloak for the grandmother and flannel for the mother and the little sisters. There was much trouble about addressing the parcel so that it might reach that distant and isolated cabin, but the trouble was taken, and that the parcel went safely home was known by the arrival of an acknowledgment of the gift—a grotesque scrawl in pen and ink, scarcely legible, but expressive of love and gratitude. Sir Humphrey read the curious document with a curling lip and threw it in the fire. Allow his wife to go back among these savages! No; it was not likely he could be so foolish. One such folly in a lifetime was surely enough. They must learn to forget Macha, and Macha must learn to forget them.

How was she to be taught to do it, though? Why was she so stupidly, so obstinately blind to the exigencies of the case? Full of intelligence on every other subject she could not be brought to see that between Sir Humphrey's wife and the wild tribe of her people there could not and must not be any further personal intercourse. How slow she was in taking up his meaning when he tried to bear it in upon her without putting the fact before her in uncomfortable words! With her beautiful serious face, her outward and inward refinement, in her soft white draperies and delicate laces, how could she contemplate a visit to that abode of poverty which he remembered only too well? Fancy the wild, brown little sisters hugging the elegant Lady Gilbert; the meager, weather beaten mother weeping over her; the mummylike grandmother mumbling Irish into her ears! There was a grotesqueness in the picture as presented to Sir Humphrey's imagination that brought the indignant color to his face.

Macha's obtuseness was aggravating. From time to time she would say to him imploringly, "When will you allow me to go?" and when answered unsatisfactorily would turn away with that dull look of patience that was becoming

"When will you allow me to go?"

habitual to her countenance. She lived in a state of painful suspense, of silent expectation, which showed she had not taken in the idea that he was resolved never to grant her request. The memory of his promise was still so fresh in her thought. Her stupidity was the blindness of perfect faith.

Every day her yearning grew deeper, and the look of it settled in her eyes. Her husband resolutely appeared to misunderstand her, refused to meet her pleading glance, persuaded himself that she was ill, out of temper, anything rather than homesick and lonely by his side. If his conscience smote him with the remembrance of an eager promise voluntarily made, he told himself that foolish vows ought never to be kept. The strangest part of it all to him was that she did not reproach him with having broken his word. But she did not think he had broken it—only that he was wearily long about beginning to fulfill it.

A bitter season set in, and Sir Humphrey, looking at his wife's thin cheek and the darkening trouble about her eyes, bethought him of taking her to some gay city, to a genial climate and the novelty of strange faces and places. He had watched her walking to and fro among his comfortable tenantry, in and out of their warm, wholesome dwellings, and he knew what brought the quiver of pain across her eyes. She was thinking of that dreary hovel among the Connaught hills. Where the sun always shines he thought she would forget how cold and hunger sting. So the Christmas guests were put off, and Sir Humphrey and Lady Gilbert went to winter at Florence.

Uncomplainingly Macha did her husband's bidding. She said to herself, "When we come back, early in the spring, he will take me or let me go."

In the mild air of Italy she did not realize so keenly the well remembered rigors of the Connaught winter. Her imagination was caught by the beauties that surrounded her, and for a little time Sir Humphrey thought his triumph was at hand. It was but an accident that turned the scale against him and made shipwreck of his plans and of Macha's life. Accident or fate led Lady Gilbert, who rarely looked at anything printed, to glance into the columns of an English newspaper, and a paragraph met her eye in which certain rough statements were made regarding a famine of food and fuel in certain parts of hungry and melancholy Connaught.

Instantly her long suffering patience gave way, and all the latent fire of her nature burst forth. She flew to her husband, with burning eyes, and laid her finger on the cruel lines. Sir Humphrey was in an irritable humor. Cut off from his customary country pursuits, idling in a foreign city, he had fallen into play and had lost heavily the night before this eventful morning. The sight of his wife's feverish emotion made him angry. Her passionate demand to be sent with succor to her people chafed and bewildered him. Macha! for whose good he had inconvenienced himself so seriously, left his home in winter, lowered himself to sit at the table with gamblers! Macha to rise and turn on him with those flaming eyes! He met her with a flat denial and uttered some bitter reproaches, upbraiding her with her imprudence and persistent folly. Having begun to give a little vent to his displeasure, he ended by saying more than he had ever meant to say. He refused to believe in the newspaper's tale of distress and forbade her to mention her people again.

Macha stood like one stunned, slowly taking in what his angry words conveyed. As she had believed his words before, so she believed them now. They fell upon her like blows, and when he had turned harshly away and left her under sentence of his displeasure one only desire and determination possessed her—to get away out of this cruel world of plenty and bring food and comfort to her famishing mother. She did not weigh the consequence of defying her husband. Her agony and longing blotted out even the memory of his existence.

How she made her way to Connaught who shall tell? As the lioness finds her stolen young, so did Macha scent the path to her native hills. Accustomed to rely upon her husband for everything, to follow his instructions and mark out nothing for herself, she must have made almost supernatural exertions to accomplish her end. But accomplish it she did. When her husband returned that night, half angry and half relenting, revolving plans for reconciliation, taking counsel with himself as to how he ought to deal with her, knowing very well that he meant to send a largess to those creatures on the mountain who were such a thorn in his side—when he came back to his home, Macha was gone.

Dismay, anger, terror, all passed through and over him. He first swore and condemned her, then remembered her sweet face and her former patience and almost forgave her. Uneasily he resolved to let her go and have her way. He had given her money yesterday, commanding her to spend it on her own amusement. For the present she could not want, and this reckless visit would be sure to tame her. Very soon she would be glad to return to him on any terms. Thus torn by distracting thoughts, Sir Humphrey went back alone to his English home. Pride, obstinacy and the conviction that his wife was wrong and required punishment and humiliation prevented his following her.

The sun was setting behind whitened peaks when Macha came wearily up the last ascent of the hills. There were the bare seamed levels, the weird rocks, the scant green patches, the dark mysterious looking lake. "Oh, God, I have returned!" broke from her. "There is my mother's cabin." The fierce ache that had gnawed her heart suddenly left it, and a glow of satisfaction went tingling through her veins. Strange, instinctive, unreasoning love of home and kindred that can forbid a human being to accept ease and pleasure in exchange for the suffering of want! Macha, who had been delivered over to abundance and luxury, cast them from her like broken fetters and rushed forward into the embraces of her old companion and foster mother, poverty.

This was the spot where she had danced and sung, wept and prayed, where she had been hungry and cold and full of care and had been necessary to the existence of those she loved. Here was where she had watched, half credulous, for the fairies among the rocks, and, wholly believing, beheld with delight the procession of glorified beings in the heavens. This was the home of her passionate devotion, the strait hard bed from which she could endure to yield up her mortal breath.

Only the eagles and whatever supernatural beings had been lurking near heard the clamor of wild cries that arose in the isolated cabin at sight of her.

"Mother, there is something beautiful coming that looks like Macha!" cried one of the little sisters. "Macha must be dead and coming from heaven to see us!" And they all stood solemnly in the doorway to watch the approach of the apparition. But when Macha's living lips spoke to them and her outstretched hands touched them then arose such cries as the rocks gave back.

The advent of mercy was not an hour too soon to bring the color of life back to pinched faces and to put light on the fireless hearth. A long battle with hunger and cold must soon have dolefully ended had not succor arrived. Rains had drenched the turf, and the sun had not shone to dry it, and the potatoes had been washed out of the earth. Macha had known how it would be, though her husband refused to believe in the tale. Who will take oil from the flinty stone or honey out of the rock? The very birds will not live in this barren world. Why should man cling to it with such an unaccountable love?

When Macha, having ministered to their bodily wants and comforted their hearts with her love, lay down that night on the old familiar bed of straw, she had time to remember the husband from before whose angry face she had fled. "He will never love me more," thought she. "He will never come to seek me again." She tried to comfort herself with the thought that she was still the Macha of old and would work for her people, but the tears poured from her eyes, and her passionate heart was not satisfied yet.

Next day she went about her work in her old dress and tried to forget that she had ever been away from her home. Painfully she saw the misery and the squalor of it and planned such little improvements as might lie within her reach. But soft living had spoiled Macha for privation and toil. Hunger afflicted her, and her limbs were wrung with cold. She was come back to a state of things with which she was no longer fit to strive. Wandering round the dark water, she could not now feel an interest in "him who lives down in the lake," the "living man" whom she had displeased and forsaken, whom she had loved and made unhappy, absorbed all the dreams of her imagination.

Her experience of better things, her natural good taste and the money she had brought with her enabled her to make the projected improvements in her home, yet when they were made she had no pleasure in beholding them. They had cost her too dear to have the power of giving her any delight. In satisfying the fidelity of her nature on one side she had but inflicted a mortal wound upon it on the other. The blue pinched look of hunger had gone from her mother's face, the stars were no longer visible through the roof, yet lying there at night and thinking about it all Macha felt that the pinch of cold and hunger had settled on her own heart, and that the stars of love and possible happiness were forever shut out from her life. A hundred times a day she made, in imagination, impassioned acts of love and sorrow and appeals for pardon at her husband's knees. In fancy she uttered explanations to him, that in reality would have been impossible to her tongue. And she was too shy and too timid to attempt to write to him.

"When a wife leaves her husband," thought Macha, "of course he will not want her any more." She blamed no one but herself. "I behaved badly to my mother in leaving her at first," she reflected, "and badly to my husband in running away against his will. There must be a twist in me somehow, for I know I did not want to do wrong." Sorrow stricken, remorseful, perplexed, she lived through the long uneventful days and nights. The strength ebbed away from her limbs and light from her eyes. She made no complaint, for she was willing to endure bravely in expiation of the willfulness of her sins. Her one burning desire was to see her husband before she died. Yet, so self condemned did she stand, she could not summon courage to implore of him to come.

Sir Humphrey sat at home in the depths of what may be truly called a sulk. He had more than half forgiven his willful wife and was ready to receive her should she ask to return. He was willing to go and fetch her as soon as she should send for him, and it was not wonderful that he was at fault as to her motives and conduct, for her nature had always been a riddle to him. Why could she not write and tell him where she was? That much he had a right to expect from her. He was quite resolved not to go in search of her, not to attempt to communicate with her till her penitent cry should be heard and till her love should make her ask to be taken back to his home. He told all who required to know that Lady Gilbert was paying a visit in her native land and then sat in his loneliness awaiting some sign.

It was only a few weeks, after all, since she had left him and returned to her mountains, but many a heart has been broken in a far shorter time. The woman was one who in other circumstances would have made the happiness and well being of those she loved, but divided duty and fidelity rent her asunder, the ardor and tenderness of her nature consumed her, and all the powers within her wrought toward tragedy and death.

One evening Macha sat at the cabin door thinking of her husband, owning her trespasses and watching the sun set redly behind the mountain peaks, the sun that never was to rise for her again. That night she turned her eyes on the old brown crucifix which was to her as the passport of that region where the weary are at rest. She was not so glad to go as she might have been had she never met any one while walking in her girlish innocence round the margin of the lake. "Tell him I was sorry," were the last words she whispered in her mother's ear.

The sign that Sir Humphrey waited for came at last in the shape of a scrawled letter, with an unpronounceable name on the postmark. "Come to the mountain to see your son," it said. "Macha, the mother, is dead."

That sorrow is long past now. Sir Humphrey is married to a more suitable

"Tell him I was sorry."

wife, and life has gone pleasantly with him. His eldest son has Macha's eyes, with often a grave, sad, unaccountable expression in them, which, in the midst of mirth, will make his father start and sigh, while the words of the poor peasant mother in the mountains will come ringing back in his ears, "Tis only the heart that is too strong in her, and it's ill to love a stranger that must part you from your own."—Time.

Soot Water For Plants.

Soot water, made from the soot of wood fires, is said to be an excellent fertilizer of house or outdoor plants. The soot should be brushed down from the chimneys with a long handled brush, gathered into a quart bag and soaked in rainwater overnight. The water, black as ink, will be ready for use the next morning. To use about house plants it should be considerably diluted. It has a tendency to bake the soil and can easily be too strong for the little amount of earth in window box or pot. It is a perfect destroyer of insects and worms that sometimes infest house plants and may be used in such cases once or twice a week until they disappear.—New York Times.

Enormous Evaporation Figures.

An average of five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole of the earth's surface. Assuming that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, the force of evaporation necessary to supply moisture for such a prodigious raintall must be equal to the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet every minute, day and night, during the entire year. To supply this enormous amount of moisture a stratum of the entire ocean surface of the globe not less than 7½ feet thick must be taken up by the clouds and returned to earth once each 365 days.—St. Louis Republic.

TEXAS LAW FOR TEXANS.

How Judge Culberson Once Won a Case That Seemed Hopeless.

Congressman Dave Culberson, as he is familiarly known in Texas from the Rio Grande to the Red river, is one of the most entertaining members of the house. He is always ready with a witty reply to any law or political question propounded to him by his associates and is the subject of more stories than any member of congress except Thomas B. Reed.

"In 1860, just after Lincoln had been elected president," said an old friend of Judge Culberson the other day, "there was a neighborhood quarrel between two citizens in Upshur county, Tex. The southern question was at fever heat, and the feeling was very strong on both sides. Each side of the case, of course, was anxious to get the verdict. The defendant went to Jefferson and engaged Culberson, who was then rising to distinction as a bright lawyer. Dave's client didn't have any case, the evidence being all against him; but, true to his trust, as he always is, Culberson determined to make the best fight he could for him. When the trial came off, it turned out that the other fellow had employed a smart young saddlebag lawyer from Maryland, just located in Texas.

"Culberson had the opening speech and made a good defense for his client under the circumstances. When the Marylander replied in behalf of his client, he produced a vast array of authorities, from which he read in support of his case. When the young man closed, Culberson picked up one of the books from which the opposing counsel had been reading and said: 'If your honor please, this young brother of the profession has been reading for your instruction Massachusetts law. This book is printed in Boston. It is "Greenleaf on Evidence." We don't want Massachusetts law to govern us in Texas. I have been giving you genuine Texas law, made by our own people.'

"'What's that?' asked the judge sharply, 'been imposing on the court with Yankee law?'

"'Yes, sir, your honor,' said Culberson; 'he has been reading from this book, which was printed in Boston, Mass.'

"'Pass it over this way,' said the surprised court, looking at the fly leaf. Then he said:

"'Mr. Culberson, the court finds that you are correct. It is a Boston print, and we don't want any of it here. No abolition law for Upshur county, and the court will be d——d if we will have it.'

"To the supreme disgust of the young lawyer the court continued as follows: 'Sir, upon the evidence of the case I dismiss the suit against Dave Culberson's friend and fine the plaintiff $1 and costs and his lawyer $5 for contempt of court. Now, young man, let that serve as a warning to you how you try to practice abolition law in this state!'

"Culberson's client set up the dinner, and the young Maryland lawyer was one of the first men to enlist in the war. He wanted to whip Massachusetts for the loss of his first case."—Washington Post.

A GOOD NIGHT ALARM CLOCK.

Of Assistance to Young Men Who Find It Hard to Take Their Departure.

A young man stood in the portico of an apartment house in Washington park, Brooklyn, the other evening, and on the step above him stood a pretty girl. It was late, and the street was deserted. Despite the darkness it was apparent to the occasional passerby that the young man had the daintily gloved right hand of the young woman within his own, while his left hand rested over it like a cover to keep it guarded. The young man was apparently trying to say good night, and the young woman evidently could not hear him, for she was bending her head close to his. They stood in that attitude for nearly 15 minutes and might have been discovered in the same pose by the gray dawn of the morning had not something intervened.

That something was round and bright, and it came out of a sixth story window. It descended slowly, the moonlight shimmering on its silvery surface and making it conspicuous. Soon it could be seen that it was a string and was being lowered by an elderly woman. When it dangled over the portico, there was a sudden burr-r-r-r-r-r-r-ring, and the young man and young woman parted like an overstrained hawser. The young man seized the round and bright object, which was still ringing, and held its face to the electric light. The hands on the alarm clock were clasped at midnight. He raised his hat to the young woman, murmured a few words in a low tone and disappeared. The alarm clock was hoisted up quickly, but the young woman was up stairs before it finally reached the open window.—New York Sun.

Her Reward.

A well known character in Paris is an old woman whose breast is literally covered with crosses and decorations, and who is now peacefully engaged as a flower seller. Her name is Jane Bonmere, and her honors were gained in the Crimea, at Rome, Gravelotte and at Orleans. On one occasion she rendered valuable service to her country by swallowing a military dispatch of great importance and so prevented its falling into the hands of the enemy. A woman who has swallowed so much for her country with dispatch should not be allowed to sup sorrow in her old age.—Chicago Herald.

A Bearded Freak.

One of the earliest of the American bearded freaks was Louis Jasper, who lived in southern Virginia at about the time of the close of the Revolutionary war. His beard was 9½ feet long and correspondingly thick and heavy. He could take his mustache between his fingers and extend his arms to their full length, and still the ends of the beards were over a foot beyond his finger tips.

WILL COMMENCE

NEXT WEEK.

"Daisy tell my fortune, pray
He loves me not—he loves me.'

A Fair Fortune Teller

Is the heroine of our
New Serial

From the Ranks

BY

CAPT. CHARLES KING

A charming story of love and adventure with the army on the frontier. You may

READ IT IN THIS PAPER NEXT WEEK.

VELVET COFFINS FOR TWO.

They May Be Utilized as Ornaments Until Needed For Use.

"Of all the queer persons of this queer world the undertaker, I believe, meets his full quota," so a reporter was told by a man wearing a funereal expression on his face and black gloves on his hands who came from a small town in a western state to attend the meeting of the Association of Undertakers.

"One of the queer persons is a wealthy woman who lives in my town. One day she came to my rooms, and as the tears coursed down her sad face she managed to tell me between sobs that she wanted a coffin that was covered with royal purple velvet. I knew that her husband had been ill for some time and was not expected to live. So I began to offer a word of condolence on account of his death, as she and her husband were intimate friends of mine.

"'Oh, he is not dead yet,' sobbed the woman, 'but I want you to call at the house and steal his measure while he is asleep. I want a royal purple velvet coffin, and it may take you several days to fill the order.'

"I assured the tearful woman that it would perhaps be impossible to fill the order, as I had never heard of a coffin of any such description ever having been on the market. She went back home, and while the order was hanging fire her husband began to grow better and in a few days was entirely out of danger. He afterward recovered, and today he is a strong, healthful man.

"But that woman still insists that I shall fill the order for a royal purple velvet coffin for her husband, and, furthermore, she has given me another order for a royal purple velvet coffin for herself. On my present trip to St. Louis I called at a large coffin factory here and surprised the proprietors by leaving the special and unique orders to be filled. When the orders have been filled, I can't say whether or not my queer customers will use the two royal purple velvet coffins as ornaments to match the decorations in their parlor at home."—St. Louis Republic.

The Same, but Different.

Two letters were once addressed to a certain corps commander of the Army of the Potomac on the eve of a forward movement, one of them written by General Halleck, chief of the staff, and the other by President Lincoln. General Halleck's letter contained a warning couched in this fashion: "In undertaking to place your command on the opposite shore of the Rappahannock you will exercise extreme caution in affording full protection to advance, rear and flanks, in order that the enemy may not be encouraged to make an attack while your forces are separated in the act of crossing." This was good advice. Lincoln gave it to the same commander in the note which he wrote to him, but this was the form in which he expressed it: "Look out, when you cross the river, that you don't hang yourself up in the middle like a steer on a fence, neither able to hook with your horns nor kick with your hoofs."

An Experiment In Co-operation.

Agneta Park, near Delft, in Holland, is the result of an interesting experiment in co-operation. A tract of ten acres has upon it 150 houses, each with its little garden and with certain common buildings and common grounds. The houses are occupied by the employees of a great distilling company, who form a corporation which owns the park. Each member owns shares in the corporation and pays rent for his house. The surplus after expenses are paid comes back to him as dividends. If he wishes to go away or dies, his shares are bought up by the corporation and sold to the man who takes his place.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Miss Olga Nethersole.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Madeleine."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—James A. Hearne—"Shore Acres."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Lillian Russell.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"1492."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Richard Mansfield.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Joseph Murphy.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"County Fair."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Two Sisters."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

THE NAPOLEONIC RENAISSANCE.

The Napoleonic renaissance, particularly in America, is one of the most extraordinary episodes in the history of literature. Napoleon the Little, by his hostile course toward the cause of the Union and his attempt to imperialize the republic of Mexico, made the very name of Bonaparte hated, for a period, in the northern portion of the United States. Then came the disgraceful collapse of the Second Empire in the war with Germany. The misconduct of the nephew seemed to have forever obscured the glory of the uncle. But true genius never can be wholly obscured. Like the heavenly bodies, the clouds may hide it for a time from mortal vision, but when they roll away, it is still aloft in the firmament, serene and undimmed as ever. So with Napoleon the Great. His wonderful career arrests the attention alike of the genius and the dullard, the mighty and the humble, the coward and the brave. There is nothing in all history that parallels that career—nothing like its beginning, its culmination and its close.

Napoleon presents so many different phases of human nature that, in contemplating him, he seems to have comprised within himself a number of extraordinary personalities. He was unrivalled in war; great in peace—astonishing in every situation. Arms, art, law, physics, finance, administration—all came within the scope of that mighty intellect, which, from the excess of its power, finally caused the fall of its owner. Napoleon was never blind to the risk or danger of any situation in which fortune placed him. He had an impetuosity of genius, a trust in his "star" which often led him to set the dictates of prudence at nought, but he did not rush with blindfold fury into the attempted—fatal attempt—conquest of Spain or the frigid pitfall of the Russian invasion. These two events sapped the foundations of his power. He too much despised the commonsense soldiership of Wellington, perhaps, and he certainly miscalculated the ferocity of the Russian climate. Had he crushed Wellington, as he might easily have done, by assuming personal command of the French armies in Spain after Wagram, and had he retreated from Moscow, as his Marshals entreated him to do, when the city was fired by the Russians themselves, he would, in all human probability, have died on the imperial throne of France, and might even have realized his dream of becoming, like Charlemagne, Emperor of the West. His judgment told him to command in Spain and to retire earlier from Russia, but pride, the rock on which he finally went to pieces, forbade him to do either, and, in his pride, he perished.

New lives of Napoleon are now running in *The Century* and *McClure's Magazine*. In the former, the writer is Prof. Sloane and in *McClure's* Ida M. Tarbell. Mr. Sloane presents to the readers of *The Century* some entirely novel phases of the Napoleonic character, especially in the surroundings of his childhood, boyhood and young manhood, while the lady historian follows more the beaten path of the great career. Both are well worth the reading. In addition to their literary merit, these histories are profusely illustrated with portraits of the modern Cæsar and with stirring sketches of the leading events of his life. The most singular thing about the Napoleonic pictures is that, though they are legion, and though many of them are by artists of great renown, no two of them look entirely alike, and in most the difference of feature and expression is positively startling. Bourrienne, in his not over-friendly memoirs, says that no artist ever caught, or could catch, the ever-changing expression of Napoleon's features, and particularly his eyes. In fact, he had a different appearance as mood after mood surged through his mind and made itself manifest in his kaleidoscopic countenance. Indeed, he himself often expressed indifference to the mere facial outline of a portrait—the expression was what he wanted, and it was the ability to convey it, in so variable a subject, that made him so partial to those eminent masters of the art of portraiture, David and Gerard. Napoleon's handsomest period was that which came between Marengo and Friedland, or from 1800 to 1807. Before 1800, he was too thin and sallow to be called handsome, and, after it, he became afflicted with that which he had dreaded during most of his life—corpulency.

The moral character of Napoleon was also a study. He said to Metternich, after the battle of Dresden, "what to me are the lives of a million men!" meaning, of course, sacrificed in the cause of France, which was his own. Owing to this and some other expressions, uttered in moments of passion, some writers have painted Napoleon as a cruel monster; yet nothing could be farther from the truth. No general ever took such good care of the wounded, either of his own army or that of the enemy. The instances of his generosity to the poor and deserving are innumerable; and those who were nearest to him were, except in a few cases, most devoted to his person. Where in history can the devotion of Bertrand, Drouot, Las Cases and Montholon be paralleled? Even his valets, with one miserable exception, remained faithful to the last And yet it is said that no man, not even the greatest, is a hero to his valet.

In studying his vast life, we are forced to the conclusion that the greatest blot upon his moral character is his "divorce" from the good, if sometimes weak, Josephine, and his "marriage" with the Austrian archduchess—an alliance destined to be one of the fatalities of his troubled reign. The shooting of the Duc d'Enghien, in the light of more recent history, does not appear to be so unwarranted as the partisans of the Bourbons and the English would fain make out, because the unfortunate man acknowledged that he would fight with England against France in the next campaign, and also that he received a pension, or allowance, of one hundred and fifty guineas a month from the English treasury. Still, had Savary delayed the execution for a few hours, it is more than probable that Napoleon would have relented, as in the case of Prince Hatzfield two years later.

ABOUT THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, I. N. G.

We print elsewhere a report from a member of the Seventh Regiment Illinois National Guard, which deserves the special attention of Irish-Americans of military tendencies, who do not sufficiently reflect on the importance of the step they take when joining the militia. Every Irish-American in Chicago was mortified at reading in the newspapers of last Sunday morning, the long list of soldiers of the Seventh Regiment dishonorably dismissed the service of the State for technical desertion, which might be better described as neglect of duty. We refrain from republishing the list, because we desire to spare their relatives and friends, in Ireland and here, the shame and sorrow of seeing them gazetted as military deserters. If such a thing had occurred in time of war, the disgrace would be augmented, and the penalty, according to the prevailing military code, would be death.

No young man should commit himself to the responsibility of a soldier's duty unless he has resolved within himself to abide conscientiously by the conditions which his new career imposes on him. Young Irishmen are peculiarly gregarious and sociable. They love to enjoy themselves, and they are, generally, fond of the society of the fairer sex. No doubt the theatre or a comfortable parlor, in company with a pretty girl, is much more attractive than a drill hall or armory, but the young soldier should think of this before taking the oath of service. The stigma of desertion is not an encouraging matter for a man starting out in the serious business of life. It follows him forever, and he can only blot it out by some brilliant deed of valor, if his country should ever call again upon him to defend it in arms.

The Irish soldier has no superior in active military life. He is ever cheerful, alert, courageous. Nothing fatigues and nothing daunts him; but he is not a persevering martial pupil, as a general thing, in times of peace. Only the iron discipline of the British, French, Austrian or American service can make him a military machine. There are many exceptions to this rule, but still the rule applies. It was discipline that made the Irish Brigade in the French service one of the most efficient engines of war that Europe has witnesssd. It was discipline that made the Irish regiments in Wellington's Peninsular army the conquerors of Napoleon's chosen legions at Fuentes d'Ouero, and Busaco and Albuera. It was discipline—rigid discipline—also which made Meagher's Brigade, in the Army of the Potomac, one of the Corps d'Elite of the American service.

If, tomorrow, the State, or the Republic, were seriously threatened, we have faith that the very men dropped from the roll of the Seventh Regiment would be among the first to rally around the flag. But this forms no excuse for their remissness. We are compelled to say, as an organ of Irish-American public opinion, that we are ashamed of their misconduct. Their officers cannot be blamed for reporting their names to the proper authority. No other course was left open to them. We hope that this severe example, as well as nobler motives, will have the effect of preventing the recurrence of similar scandals in the ranks of the Seventh Regiment.

THE EMMET ANNIVERSARY.

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago are making extensive preparations to celebrate the Robert Emmet anniversary this year. The Auditorium has been engaged for Monday evening, March 4. John F. Finerty will occupy the chair and the orator of the occasion will be our distinguished fellow-citizen, Alexander Sullivan. P. H. Keenan will read the address and resolutions, and some of the best vocal and instrumental talent in the country has been engaged for the occasion. Among those who will participate in the exercises is Mr. M. J. Murphy, the famous Irish-American baritone, a sketch of whom, from the pen of Eugene Davis, appears elsewhere.

DUBLIN'S SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC.

Dublin has been having an experience of the smallpox epidemic, which appears to be general throughout Europe. Usually very little attention is paid to the disease in the rural districts of Ireland, where it rarely assumes a malignant form, owing, perhaps, to climatic influences. In the larger cities, however, it often develops a very severe type, and this year more than ordinary attention has been paid to it. We find, by the way, a lady, Mrs. Goslett, delivering a discourse on this important subject in Molesworth hall, Dublin, an outline of which may not prove uninteresting to American readers.

"It would be a great blessing," said Mrs. Goslett, "if somebody could find out for them a preventative of this or any other horrible disease, and such a person would be considered a great benefactor. Preventatives of diseases of this class had been discovered in the past. For instance the disease kuown as 'jail disease' had been very general and destructive, but it had entirely disappeared, because it was found out that soap and water and fresh air killed the minute creatures—too small to be seen by the naked eye—that caused the disease. Prisoners were now, as a rule, as healthy as anybody else, and when they came out of jail they were generally stronger and healthier than when they went into prison. Another example of the prevention of disease was that which had reference to typhus. There was a time when typhus was very common, but now it had almost disappeared, except perhaps in Liverpool and Ireland. As to smallpox there was only one disease of a more horrible character, and that was leprosy. When she stated this she said almost enough as to the terrible nature of smallpox.

"The lecturer then described the preliminary stages of smallpox, the first symptoms of which were very similar to those attending other fevers. From feelings of discomfort the symptoms went on to deliriums. After twelve days, small red spots began to appear and they developed into pastules. When a person took smallpox he or she was supposed to be protected from it for life, or at any rate for ten years. The disease was so common 160 years ago that in the country districts in England at hunting breakfasts the first toast honored was that of 'The Beauty of the Neighborhood,' and the beauty was the lady who had escaped an attack of smallpox. The disease was not alone loathsome, but terribly contagious. When it was found that one attack preserved the person from the disease the people began to get themselves inoculated with the smallpox poison, and they voluntarily bore an attack with the expectation of being free for the rest of their lives. But though the person so inoculated had a light attack, they communicated the disease to others, and that did not stop the disease.

"At the present day they had no business with smallpox, and it was a disgrace that it should prevail. It was proved by repeated experiments in the last century, and was established by general experience, that inoculation with vaccine lymph was a preventative against smallpox. The vaccine was now known to be the very same poison as that of smallpox in a modified and harmless form, and when one had that, the body was enabled to resist another form of the disease. Vaccination was therefore the most sensible thing. The success of vaccination depended on there being enough of the poison to be effective, and that proper lymph was used. The purity of the lymph was, of course, most essential, and, if possible, lymph direct from the calf should be got. She strongly advised not only original vaccination, but revaccination. Authentic statistics were altogether in favor of vaccination, and it was remarkable that in a great London smallpox hospital for thirty years no case of smallpox had occurred among the nurses who had all been vaccinated. In parts of England there was a regular agitation against vaccination, but she believed that in Ireland there was no such thing as agitation (laughter) against vaccination, that it was more a lazy feeling that prevented people undergoing the simple operation. She held that it was the duty of every head of a household to see that its members were vaccinated."

JOE MURPHY AT THE HAYMARKET.

Joe Murphy, the inimitable, will begin his special engagement at the Haymarket Theatre next Sunday evening, Feb. 3, supported by his splendid company. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights, he will appear in the mirth compelling character of Shaun Rhue, in which he will sing his soul touching song "A Handful of Earth," which has brought tears to the eyes of thousands who were previously convulsed with merriment in the livelier portions of the drama, for versatility is one of Mr. Murphy's most distinguishing characteristics. Next Wednesday matinee and night will be produced the fine drama, called "The Donagh," out of which all that previously provoked the criticism of the hypercritical has been eliminated, so that it now has universal favor. A most spirit stirring feature of "The Donagh" is the grand and life-like panorama of the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. "Kerry Gow," which is too widely known as the most natural of Irish plays, to call for further encomium, will be presented on Friday night and Saturday matinee and evening. THE CITIZEN hopes for Mr. Murphy a prosperous engagement. No actor more richly deserves it.

GLADSTONE'S ESTIMATE OF O'CONNELL.

Mr. Gladstone, who appears to be again somewhat in evidence, notwithstanding cataract, says that the late Daniel O'Connell was a very great man—greater than most of his contemporaries and equal in statesmanlike intellect to Victor Emmanuel's famous premier, Count Cavour. As Mr. Gladstone knew O'Connell personally, and had experience of his powers while the Irish leader was a member of the British parliament, his estimate of O'Connell may be accepted as being a correct one. But there is a limit to the period of O'Connell's political greatness, and a somewhat premature one. He was, perhaps, the boldest and ablest popular leader, outside of the fighting chiefs, that Ireland ever produced from 1810 until 1843. From the latter period to his death at Genoa, in 1847, he was a mere wreck, physically and mentally, of his former self. On this account, Irishmen generally forgive O'Connell for his terrible shortcomings after the proclamation by the government of the Clontarf monster meeting. Before reading the historical testimony of Charles Gavan Duffy in reference to the renowned agitator, we confess that we felt for O'Connell an aversion, which closely bordered on disgust. In fact we regarded him as a political poltroon.

But Duffy has shown clearly that the old man was suffering from paresis for some years before death closed his career. Such an affliction to a great mind can only arouse the pity of men who have a spark of generous feeling. John Mitchel himself told us, when in this city in 1874, that he greatly regretted the Young Ireland secession of 1846; "but," said he, "we did not know O'Connell was failing so fast. Had we known it our conduct would have been very different. Still we acted, as we thought, for the best. Yet our action, as it turned out, was a misfortune. Had we remained united until his death, I firmly believe the '48 movement would have been successful. At least, it would not have been ignominiously subdued." This was the spirit of Mr. Mitchel's remarks, and they have remained stamped on our memory.

In our opinion, O'Connell's greatest fault was his alliance with the Whigs, whom he had, on more than one occasion, bitterly denounced. This led to partial or entire estrangement from the more ardent section of Repealers, who could not endure either of the English parties, but particularly the Whig party. On the other hand, there is no doubt that some of the more impetuous Young Irelanders split hairs unnecessarily with the old chief and so helped to precipitate the catastrophe of "the split," which wrecked Ireland's hope in that generation, just as the split in Parnell's party destroyed the chances of home rule in this our own day.

THE Clan-na-Gael Guards gave their annual ball at Battery D Armory last Saturday evening. It was largely attended.

BRUCE VANCLEAVE is the name of an interesting young gentleman who recently called, to remain permanently, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James R. B. VanCleave, No. 329 Michigan avenue. Cards were issued in his honor on Jan. 28. THE CITIZEN congratulates Mr. and Mrs. VanCleave most heartily.

THOSE who read "Tim" Healy's Irish speeches will find in them much that is clever and humorous, and altogether too much that is bitter and uncharitable. All who differ from Mr. Healy, on any subject whatever, are held up by him to the public gaze as "Turks and haythins." In fact Mr. Healy is the "Corney Delaney" of Anglo-Irish politics. Lever missed a great character picture when he died without experience of Mr. Healy.

THE Burns anniversary was celebrated with great eclat by the Scottish Assembly of Chicago at the Auditorium Friday evening of last week. In spite of the raging storm the attendance was very large. The programme, which was varied and stirring, was satisfactorily rendered. The Scotch national flag—the Red Lion rampant—was printed on the programmes—a healthy innovation.

THE FRENCH MILITARY JUDAS.

[*Contributed.*]

France, even like Ireland, has oftentimes been the victim of traitorous sons, and pity, divinest of qualities, shrinks back abashed from the attempt to cover the naked villainy of its latest disgrace, the dishonored Dreyfus. This man was an officer in one of the grandest armies of the world, he was rich and respected, he compromised his country, disclosed the secrets of the War Office and fortunately and by some mere chance was discovered. His trial was a quick one, and his guilt once established, his punishment quickly began. The French people have no liking for criminals; they want them shipped out of their country with the greatest possible rapidity, and have no care as to where, so long as their return to France is rendered impossible. They poison the air of noble France, and must be blotted out.

Of the guilt of Dreyfus there is no doubt, but still one would wish that the motive of his crime should be known. Bazaine, the traitor of the century, had his vanity fooled by clever Bismarck with the hope, it is said, of becoming emperor of the French, and then when all the soldiers of France, not hermetically closed up in Metz, had been met and shattered, Marshal Bazaine and his starved but unconquered braves were invited to lay down their arms. Dreyfus was not wanting in the world's goods, and it is not generally believed the desire for increased wealth caused his downfall. How honorable was his position may be guaged from the fact that he was one of the sixteen officers of France coguizant of the nature of her strategy in case of a defensive or offensive war.

His treachery was discovered in a very simple way, but as ever one in which chance played the decisive role. The head of the staff was greatly puzzled to account for the fact that any secret improvements on the east and southeast frontiers of France were at once counterbalanced by similar operations on the part of Germany and Italy. In the spring of last year the merits and demerits of the sixteen officers were carefully considered, but of course secretly. One half the number were found to be entirely beyond suspicion, then half the remaining eight. Every incident in their daily lives or those with whom they associated, was closely examined. Dreyfus was one of the last four, but no proof could be discovered until last September, when, in going through the torn up fragments from the waste-paper basket of either the German or Italian embassy, a scrap of paper pasted together gave the phrase "I leave for the autumn maneuvres." It should be mentioned perhaps that this fact has been officially denied so far as the particular embassies are concerned, but the value of an official denial when diplomatic relations would appear to necessitate, is not very high.

Of the sixteen staff officers the one who had received this delegation was Dreyfus. The fish was in the net. The whole torn up document was put together—it consisted of thirteen lines, unsigned, but in handwriting the evidence sufficiently established to be that of Dreyfus.

His expulsion from the army a dishonored soldier and a disgraced criminal is a subject of which everyone has read, but the punishment of the life convict is not a matter of such general knowledge. In March next he will be one of the cargo of criminals to quit the island of Rhe for New Caledonia, the French penal settlement. He will be in a party of eight convicts, all chained together and kept in a sort of barred bear-pit between decks. Then on arrival and for twelve months thereafter he will be chained, day and night, to a fellow convict and be employed in the making of roads.

His doom is a severe and a terrible one, but no man who loves his own country can say it is not richly deserved. But the pity one cannot give to such a character is bestowed all the more bountifully upon the man's unfortunate wife. She is 27 years of age, wealthy in her own right, and extremely handsome. Entirely refusing to believe her husband guilty, she threatens to destroy herself unless she is allowed to rejoin him; but this, it is said, she has a legal right to do after the first twelve months following his banishment from France. There are also two young children, whom their uncles, residents of Alsace, have promised to adopt.

F.C.

Enjoyable Sleighing Party.

A very delightful sleighing party was given by the members of the Married Ladies' Sodality of the Jesuit church on last Tuesday afternoon. Two sleighs filled with the officers and members of the choir started from the sodality hall, and proceeded north, and after a pleasant ride of two hours, arrived at the residence of Mr. Kelly, where they were met by Father Lagae and Mr. Garvey, who preceded the party. A sumptuous supper was served, to which everybody did justice after the long ride. Dancing and singing were the features of the evening. Those who added particularly to the enjoyment were Mesdames F. E. Lewis, Carr, Walsh, Riordan, Kelly, Butler, and Miss McLaughlin. After several hours' of merrymaking the party again returned to the city. Among those present were Mesdames Gubbins, Frank Lawler, Garvey, Larkins, Martin, Smith McCabe, Miniter, Bray, Rapp, Connell, Hackett, Dwyer, Crowley, Hanley, Collins, Walsh, O'Brien, Caraher, Mathews, Wilson, Lambert, McLaughlin, Foster and others.

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

(*Communicated.*)

Privates John Ross, Company F, and John Kernan, Company G, have been honorably discharged.

All friends are sorry to see so many men dropped for desertion in the gallant Seventh, as appeared in the morning papers of recent date, but the officers say there is no alternative left them but to drop those men who do not show up for drill. When a man absents himself from three consecutive drills without notifying his commanding officer, he is considered a deserter, and as such is dropped from the rolls of the company to which he belonged. There is no necessity for a man being dropped for desertion. To prevent it, he is only requested to attend one drill each week, and in case he cannot conveniently do so, he has only to notify his captain of the fact. Men who join a regiment, or in fact any organization, without any intention of attending the drill or meetings, had better not join at all, for in the first place they bring disgrace on themselves by being kicked out sooner or later, and in the second place they are a detriment to the organization to which they belong.

Irishmen who are dishonorably discharged, or dropped for desertion from any State regiment, are a disgrace to their nationality, because when they join they swear to attend their drills regularly and obey their superior officers. When they fail to do this they commit perjury; they may not think so, but they do, and a perjurer is not worthy of the confidence or society of an honest man or woman, and should be debarred from all respectable societies.

Heretofore, there was some excuse for men not attending drills regularly; they had no armory to drill in, but thanks to the untiring energy of the officers they have succeeded in securing a model armory, and the excuse no longer exists. The drill, hall which is on the second floor, is 160 feet long and 70 feet wide; the officers' headquarters are on this floor also; on the third floor are situated the twelve company rooms, together with a room for the drum and bugle corps. The rooms are all newly painted, have hard-wood floors, and new lockers; in fact there is everything a company could wish for; the uniforms have all been cleaned and pressed, so there is every inducement for men to come to the armory at least once a week and spend a pleasant evening with their comrades in arms.

The Seventh Illinois is the only thoroughly Irish regiment of State troops in the United States. The men who compose it, the bone and sinew of the organization, come from Ireland; eighty per cent of them were born in Ireland, and while they have sworn to uphold and defend the Stars and Stripes, they do not forget the land from which they sprang; all their sympathies are with her in her struggle for freedom, and the time is coming when every man with a drop of genuine Irish blood in his veins will regret that he did not learn the art of war when he had an opportunity. Here in Chicago are several good Irish military organizations which are not given the support they deserve from the young Irishmen of this city. In the Seventh, for instance, there is a vacancy for four new companies. It should be a matter of personal pride with every Irishman to have the Irish regiment as good, at least, if not better, than tht other regiments of State troops in Chicago, which have twelve companies each.

The advantages to be gained by joining the Seventh are many, a few of them I will mention: 1st, the uniforms and equipments are furnished free of cost by the State; 2d, there is no expense incurred by joining it, all that is required is that a man attend his drills regularly; 3d, he gets a good military training. Space will not allow me to mention a good many others, but anyone seeking the information, can get it by asking any of the officers of the regiment. Anybody wishing to form a new company can get any information he may require by calling at the armory, No. 78 Michigan avenue, on Monday (preferably), Tuesday, Thursday or Friday nights.

A reunion of the regiment will take place on Saturday night, Feb. 2. Every member is expected to be present, and besides hearing some facts in which they are all interested, an enjoyable time is promised. Major G. J. Carroll is chairman of the committee having charge of the reunion, and anything he undertakes is sure of success.

Compay D has recently secured two very efficient officers in the persons of Captain Duhig and Lieutenant O'Connor. It seems that Company D has been rather disappointed in the men it has elected captain on two previous occasions, but this time it has acted wisely and for the best interests of the company and regiment when it elected Lieutenant Duhig, Company B, captain, and Sergeant O'Connor, Company F, lieutenant; the men of the company show their appreciation of the interest their officers are taking in them by the number of recruits they have recently brought into the company. Company D's room is very nicely furnished, the walls being adorned by the pictures of Robert Emmet, Phil Sheridan, George Washington and J. P. Altgeld.

It is to be hoped that when the other companies have elections, especially for captains, they will make good selections, as good captains are indispensable, and if all the companies make as good a selection as Company D, the Irish Seventh will have no superior in the State.

C. N.

When So Many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It will build you up. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Try a box.

M. J. MURPHY.

A Famous Singer and Litterateur—An Interesting and Versatile Personality.

His Valuable Contributions to Irish Literature—Specimens of True Poetry.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Few of the denizens of Bohemia have the versatile talents of Mr. M. J. Murphy. In that intellectual Arcady, so well and so graphically described by the pen of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, he became a singer in both grand and light operas during his early career, and subsequently a manager of various theatrical companies. He is a poet, who has not only penned sweet lyrics, the products of his own fervid imagination; but he has also translated into English a considerable quantity of poems from the Hungarian, German, and Danish languages. His series of articles in the Irish-American weeklies on the young Irish-American authors of today, as well as on the revival of Irish literature, are characterized by a graceful, musical style which proves that his talents as a litterateur are as brilliant as his musical talents. Ho has also written many Irish tales in the mellifluous dialect of Munster, the southern province of Ireland, for the *Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo, N. Y. These interesting short stories were reproduced by most of the Irish-American and the Irish weekly journals. This fact attests to his growing literary fame. His contributions to the Buffalo publication contain a large amount of humor, racy of the Irish soil.

Mr. Murphy is also an adept in Irish fairy tales, the characters of which are Niamh, who laid the poet Oisin under Geasa-bonds, under which heroes were frequently put—lest old age should come suddenly on him; Ana of the West, queen over the sidh, otherwise Shee or fairy folk in Connacht; the banshees who wail in the vicinity of the residences of noble Milesian families on the eve of the death of one of its members; and the leprechaun, a wee fairy cobbler, who sits on the hedges hammering elfin soles for the boots of his brethren in the grey dawn of summer mornings. Mr. Murphy, moreover, is a contributor of short tales of American life to the Associated Press Company of New York, and other syndicates. He has compiled a handsomely bound volume containing words and music of the best old Irish lyrics.

The subject of this brief memoir stands six feet "in his vamps." He has large shoulders and a well-developed chest. His intellectual forehead is fringed by a wealth of curly auburn locks. His blue eyes are pensive and dreamy at times, just as if his mind was conceiving an idea for a future lyric; occasionally a gleam of humor glows and twinkles from their sunny depths. He is gifted with a genial disposition. His temperament has all the sanguine enthusiasm of a true-born Gael. As a society man he is most facile and interesting in his speaking powers, and he tells many a comic yarn, spiced with the sauce of an inimitable drollery.

Mr. Murphy is the possessor of a magnificent library. It is replete with volumes on Irish subjects, and originally belonged to the late James Redpath, the famous correspondent who, in the Land League days in Ireland, was dispatched to that country as a representative of the New York *Tribune*. These volumes were presented after Mr. Redpath's death by his widow. Mr. Murphy in his early youthhood was, so to speak, a literary protege of Mr. Redpath. When the latter resided in the South, assisting Jefferson Davis with his autobiography, he sent Mr. Murphy a handsome scarf-pin in the shape of an Irish harp, the body of which was gold set with diamonds and emeralds, while the strings were of silver, in recognition of the merit of an article by Mr. Murphy on the Irish national instrument.

In preparing matter for the press he uses a typewriter instead of a pen, and his facility in writing is so great that he can turn out his "copy" at the rate of a column an hour for several hours at a stretch, and make but few errors.

His home is situated in 614 Centre avenue, Bay City, Mich. Although his concert and lecture engagements compel him to travel during several months of the year, he has strong home tastes, and is never so happy as during his summer vacation—a period when he can spend his spare time in the cultivation of flowers, of which he is very fond. His wife is an accomplished musician, painter and literary woman, and affords him much assistance. Their home is a musical and literary centre, where they entertain people of artistic and literary tastes. Some of the famous singers, when they come to Bay City, call on Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, and are sumptuously entertained by these generous hosts.

Mr. M. J. Murphy was born in the City of Waterford, Ireland, some thirty years ago. While still a child he was brought by his parents to this country. When his primary and high school education had been completed, having a decided taste for the profession of singers, he commenced the study of music under some of the most talented professors of that art. Eventually he proceeded to the continent of Europe, where he perfected his musical education in several of the conservatories of German and Italian cities.

I will now seek to discuss the characteristics of Mr. Murphy's poetry. Most of his lyrics have the pathos of the Gael—sad as the Jacobite lays that were sung in Ireland in the opening years of the last century. The following effusion by Mr. Murphy is pathetic and impregnated with the profound feeling of sorrow of a lover who sings thus of his dear dead beloved. It is entitled "One St. Patrick's Day":

Ochone! It seems but yestherday
She stood here at my side,
And I looked in her liquid eyes
With all a lover's pride
Her dear black head was on my breast,
Ah, sure! I could have sworn,
No king was o'er so rich as I
On that St. Pathrick's morn.

Ochone! It seems but yestherday
Her dainty, white hand found
This little sprig of shamrock laves
Down on the frozen ground.
Then, laughing lightly, to her lips
The dewy trefoil pressed,
Mavrone! 'Tis stilled her voice is now,
Its melody's at rest.

Ochone! It seems but yestherday
Her soft eyes sought my own
And mute, confessed her love. But now
Their happy lot has flown.
The heart that warmly bate 'gainst mine
On that St. Pathrick's Day,
Will never bate with love again—
'Tis could within the clay.

Ochone! It seems but yestherday
These laves were in her hand,
They're withered now, but fairer flowers
Bloom not in summer land.
Oh! sweet the dhrames they bring, and hope
Is in my heart new born,
That soon we'll meet, *asthoreen gal*,
As on that St. Patrick's morn.

Mr. Murphy turned out sweet love lyrics in the days of his bachelorhood; but the following lyric, "Sunrise," is the greatest of all. I may add that it is an excellent type of the Irish love-ballad:

Come with me, aroon, where the wild flowers are springin'
And breathin' their love to the sweet mornin' air;
The lark's mornin' hymn through the meadow is ringin',
And callin' us, darlin', to sing with him there.
Sure, Nature is doin' her best to delight ye,
Spreadin' carpets of di'monds and green 'neath your feet.
The daisies are noddin' their heads to invite ye,
See! they've tears in their eyes as they beg and entbreat.
The risin' sun bids ye "the top of the mornin',"
As he dhrives off the night wid his bright roguish smile.
He kissed rosy Dawn on the cheek without warnin'
And sint her off blushin' wid shame all the while.
But though everything yondher is lovely and charmin',
More beauteous than Eden before Adam's fall,
As I look in your face, faith, my heart begins warmin',
Bad scran to me if you're not fairer than all.

The following poem, "The Patriot's Day Dream," which he has translated from the Hungarian of Petofi, has all the fire and patriotism of the original:

The thought annoys me and the fear
That silken couch when death is near
Shall bear my corse. Must useless death
Be mine? A prayer my latest breath?
No! God of Battles grant to me
An end like some old forest tree,
Defying forked lightning's dart
And storms to rend its limbs apart,
Or as shattered rocks that thundering go
Like demons to the vale below.
Soon shall our land her fetters break
And rising in defiance shake
Her gleaming blade, while Freedom's light
Directs each hand that strikes for Right.
Thou'lt hear the cry of "Liberty!"
Resounding loud from sea to sea.
From North to South, from East to West,
And echoing in each patriot's breast.
And then upon the hard-fought plain
If dying 'mid the valiant slain,
What bliss 'twould be, if ere I die
My last breath joins the victor's cry
And rings through clash of meeting steel,
Through shrieks and groans and cannon's peal!
What matters it if o'er my corse
With iron hoofs dash troops of horse
That ride triumphant home again
And leave me trodden 'mid the slain.
For 'neath the sod on which I bled
My bones shall find their last cold bed,
And in the breeze above the grave
My country's banner e'er shall wave
To tell of those who died for thee—
Yes, thee! oh, God-like Liberty.

"The Pilgrim," which I now reproduce, and the theme of which is a traitor-monk, is eloquently rendered as follows. It is from the Hungarian of John Garay:

In sombre cowl and sackcloth clad,
Through Judah's holy land,
A stranger monk, with low bowed head,
Toils o'er the burning sand.
Naught cares he that his wounded feet
Leaves blood upon each stone:
He dreams but of the dark, foul crime
For which he must atone.

Though hunger's pangs and thirst are fierce,
And the jeering, hooting crowd
With blows and insults drive him on,
He murmurs not aloud.
'Neath blazing suns by day he toils,
His nights are spent in prayer;
Yet, from his soul, naught seems to lift
The heavy sin laid there.

At last toward holy Rome he turns
And at the Papal throne
Sinks down to beg, with streaming eyes,
That mercy be him shown.
In trembling accents, his foul crime
Confesses. With a cry
The Pope starts up; and wrathful fire
And passion light his eye.

The shrinking wretch cries out in fear,
For in that dreadful voice
An injured God seems speaking
Through the vicar of His choice.
"'Tis He alone who can forgive,
But even in His hand
He hath no mercy for the fiend
Who sells his motherland."

Mr. Murphy is a distinguished linguist. He can speak in Gaelic and in several European languages.

In the opening days of next month the Hon. John F. Finerty and Mr. M. J. Murphy will proceed to the Eastern States on a lecture and musical tour. Mr. Finerty lectures on "The Poets and Orators of Ireland," "The Story and Songs of Ireland," and "Napoleon." In the several interludes in the lecture Mr. Murphy sings Irish or other songs to the music of a piano and excites the enthusiasm as well as admiration of the audience—thanks to his magnificent baritone voice. It is probable that Mr. Murphy will join in the more or less immediate future a grand opera company, for his fame as a musician is rapidly increasing throughout the United States.

HYMENEAL.

SCHNEIDER–REEDY.

The marriage of Miss Mary A. Reedy and Mr. Walter F. Schneider occurred at Mount Carmel church, Blucher and Wellington avenues, on Wednesday morning. Nuptial mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father J. S. Finn, of the Cathedral parish, at 9 o'clock, and the sacred edifice was filled to its utmost capacity by the families and immediate friends of the contracting parties. The bride was attended by Miss Eleanor M. Murphy, as bridesmaid, and the best man was Mr. Richard E. McGillen. The ushers were Messrs. John E. Combiths and Charles M. Schneider. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Adam Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. William Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. L. Schneider, Mrs. E. Hennessy, Mrs. C. Ruare, Mrs. Charles P. Monahan, Mrs. Francis Agnew, Sr., Mrs. Francis Agnew, Jr., Mrs. Margaret Fitch, Miss Lucille Fitch, Miss Stella V. Hennessy, Mr. and Mrs. James McInerney, Mr. and Mrs. John Reedy, parents of the bride; Misses Nora, Kate A., Annie and Nellie Reedy, sisters of the bride; Mr. Thomas J. Reedy, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Finerty, Rev. Father E. J. Fox, Fred Simons, Mr. William Morgan, Mr. Jacob Fry, Miss Julia Murphy, Miss Elizabeth McGillen, Miss Josie McGillen, Miss Margaret Dinan, Mrs. R. W. Sprague, Mrs. A. McCarthy, Miss Mamie Schneider, Mrs. Dauche, Mrs. Failmetzger, Mrs. Titchler, Miss Titchler, Miss Peacock, Mr. Chester W. Hooker, Mr. Otto Failmetzger, Miss Ella Abrahamson, Mrs. Fitzter, Miss Kittie Maher, Miss O'Brien and many others.

The nuptial ritual was very elaborate. After the blessing, Father Finn spoke words of congratulation and encouragement to the newly wedded pair, reminding them in eloquent terms, of the responsibilities they had mutually assumed, and wishing for them a long and prosperous married life.

The bride looked exceedingly graceful and pretty as she came down the aisle at the conclusion of the services, leaning on the arm of her happy husband.

The large bridal party were then driven to the residence of the bride's parents, No. 1041 Belmont avenue, where an elaborate luncheon was partaken of.

Mr. and Mrs. Schneider left for a bridal trip in the Northwest on an evening train, and will be at home to their friends at No. 1545 Aldine avenue after Feb. 15.

A LAMENT FOR EIRINN.

Translated from the Irish of "Craoibhin Aoibhinn"

BY MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

I tearfully wail for the bright days departed,
When Freedom illumined our land—Innisfail;
Regretful I sigh for those heroes brave hearted—
The strong-handed chiefs of the fiery-souled Gael.
From sophist consolers no comfort I borrow—
The source of my grief they can't fathom for aye.
For gloomy and darksome as night is my sorrow—
That night which, for me, shall ne'er brighten to day.

My wail is like this who, compelled to inaction,
Beholds, from the hillside, the mountain-flood sweep
O'er homesteads and kindreds he loved to distraction,
While he, alone saved, can but piteously weep.
More anguish I feel than the mother bereaven,
Whose only loved child is by Death snatched away;
Far deeper my woe than all woes under heaven—
I mourn a Nation going weakly astray.

Oh! bitter the pang which evokes this sad ditty—
The pang of the free-souled—but impotent slave;
The tyrant-hordes' misdeeds in country and city,
Impel me to long for repose in the grave:
I long 'neath the shamrock-clad sward to be lying,
To sleep with my kin in the bless'd Irish mould;
That so my freed soul—from its prison house flying—
May dwell, evermore, with those "Brave Gaels of Old!"

Now—The Time to Make Money!

Last month I cleared, after paying all expenses, $175.46; the month before, $149.93, and have at the same time attended to my regular business. I believe any one, anywhere, can do as well, as I have not a particularly good location and no experience. When you have an article that every family wants, it is very easy selling it. It seems strange that a good, cheap Dish Washer was never before placed on the market. With the Climax, which sells at $5, you can wash and dry the dishes for a family in two minutes, without putting the hands in water; as soon as people see the Washer work they want one, and that is why so much money can be made so quickly. For full particulars, address The Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. I feel convinced that any lady or gentleman, in any location, can make from $5 to $10 a day, as every family will very soon have a Dish Washer. Try it, and publish your experience for the benefit of others.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1895.

The Oldest Established Irish-American Journal of the Great Northwest.

The Faithful Champion of Irish Independence and American Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs.

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions for 1895, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland" containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folklore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and back.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary" bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, fullustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber for 1895, "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time from the receipt of this circular, and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.50 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each.

Remittances can be sent by check, postoffice order, express order, or registered mail.

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Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"Body Rested, Mind at Ease."

That is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far west. Write to F. A Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining-cars in world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

OBITUARY.

MR. PETER COFFEY.

The Peoria *Herald* of Jan. 19 contains the following on the death of Mr. Peter Coffey, of that city: He had been ailing for several weeks but no one supposed that he was dangerously sick or that he was near his end. He had complained of a sharp pain in his left side but the physicians thought it was nervous indigestion and so treated him, but it grew worse and more frequent, so that some times he almost fainted away. What it was, whether it was a malignant tumor or some sudden malady attacking the vital organs no one seems to know, but at all events he sank under it and at last passed away.

Mr. Coffey was born at Carrickmacross, county Monaghan, Ireland, and was at the time of his death 65 years of age. He came to this country when he was twenty-five, and worked in New York city and in Cincinnati, finally drifting to St. Louis where he learned the gas-fitting trade. He had in the mean time become an employe of the different gas companies, and there gained the practical knowledge that he was to use to such good purpose later in life. He finally went to Belleville, in this state, and became superintendent of the gas works there. It was a small place at that time, but he faithfully attended to the duties of his position. One day he was in St. Louis and he saw a lot of stock in the Peoria gas works put up at auction. He bought it, and coming up here he looked over the works. He saw that they could be extended and enlarged, but that a practical man was needed at the head of affairs and he took charge as superintendent. This position he filled to the day of his death. He saw to everything, attended to everything, and was always on hand when there was work to be done. Mr. Coffey laid the foundation for his last sickness by too closely watching the laying of a pipe on South Jefferson street. This trait was his strong point. He was thorough in everything that he undertook. He was not a good hater, readily forgiving those who had injured him, but he was a strong and steadfast friend. He liked to gather his friends about him, and in his home, on North Madison street, he dispensed a royal hospitality. He was shrewd and careful but open-handed and liberal. He possessed the faculty of seeing the main point at once, and was not easily misled, but he was generous and liked to assist his friends.

There was a quiet humor about Mr. Coffey that enlivened his speech. He loved a joke and hated a quarrelsome man. He wanted to be at peace and amity with all men, and he often said that life is too short to harbor resentments. He did not. While subjected to a great deal of abuse and not a little denunciation at various times by people who envied him his wealth and position, he was ready to forgive and forget, and never cherished any desire to "get even" with those who maligned him even when the opportunity came, and he could have done so as well as not. We knew him well and liked him for the shrewd socratic wisdom that he exercised on men and things, for he always had an opinion and was never chary of giving expression to it, but it was always on the kindly side of life. He knew how to make money, but he also knew how to spend it, and he gave a great deal away unostentatiously and kindly. He loved a chat with a friend, and his sense of humor was large and suggestive, so that he was a good listener, and his kindling eye and hearty laugh were always welcome. While he was a busy, hard-working man, he was not hard or bitter, grinding or exacting. He was a thoroughly good fellow, and this was in grain, arising from kindly feeling and genuine desire to aid those about him. He was neither tricky nor fault-finding, what he said you could depend upon. Mr. Coffey was a good business man and lived up to his engagements, striving to be a little better than his word. Only those most intimate with him appreciated these traits. Mr. Coffey leaves an estate of more than a quarter of a million of dollars. He had a wife, who survives him, but no children. He leaves a brother, Thomas Coffey, a nephew, William Coffey, and two cousins, Mathew and Patrick Farrelly, with their two sisters, the Misses Farrelly.

Hope Crushed to Earth

Will rise again in the bosom of a dyspeptic wise enough to substitute for the pseudo-tonics, which have bamboozled him out of his belief in the possibility of cure, the real invigorant and stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The bilious, the nervous, the dyspeptic, the rheumatic alike derive speedy benefit from this helpful botanic medicine. Persons suffering from indigestion will gain no positive permanent good from the fiery, unmedicated stimulants of commerce, too often used recklessly. The Bitters is immeasurably to be preferred to these as a tonic, since its pure basis is modified by the conjunction with it of vegetable ingredients of the highest remedial excellence. Malaria is prevented and remedied by it, and it infuses vigor into the weak and sickly. A wineglassful three times a day is the average dose.

IRISH PATRIOT'S FUNERAL.

[*To the Editor.*]

SOUTH BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 26.—The funeral of the late Arthur M. Forrester was held from St. Augustine's church, South Boston, on Thursday, Jan. 24. Solemn high mass of requium was celebrated by Rev. Denis O'Callaghan celebrant, with the Rev. E. E. Claxton as subdeacon. Schmidt's mass was sung by the regular chorus, under the direction of Prof. Henry Peabody, assisted by Wm. J. Sullivan, baritone. Father O'Callaghan delivered an eloquent eulogy in which he touched with firm and equal hand the chords of religion and patriotism. He made appropriate allusions to lines by the dead poet, and by his mother, Ellen Forrester, and praised him as one who was not a place hunter, but was always ready to sacrifice everything to his country's needs; and said while Ireland produced men of that stamp there need be no fear for its nationhood. He feelingly extended the consolations of the church to the bereaved family, and could not on such an occasion accept payment for the requiem services. He had not known Mr. Forrester in the past as many of his hearers did until he came to visit him in his last moments, but could say that he had died a beautiful death in the priceless gift of the faith and forgiveness of his sins. During the oration there was not a dry eye among those present, each of whom felt placed in a debt of lasting gratitude to the reverend eulogist, many of whom of the old Fenian Guard were linked with the dead patriot in stirring events in the past.

After the eulogy "No Cross, No Crown," by William J. Sullivan, baritone, the remains were borne to Hôlyrood cemetery, and left in charge of the superintendent, Æneas Smith, until a suitable lot will be procured. The pallbearers were James Jeffrey Roche, James G. Quigley, T. J. Turley, H. J. Brown, David A. O'Mara, Jeremiah Carroll, John J. Teevens and Terence Cavanagh. The Celtic Association of South Boston, the Thomas Francis Meagher Association of Boston, and the John Boyle O'Reilly Society of West Quincy, were represented by large delegations. The John Boyle O'Reilly Literary Club and the Emmet Club were also represented.

Among those in attendance were noticed Messrs. James R. Armstrong, Jas. J. Greene, Chas. O'Malley, of Boylston Station; William J. Brooks, and George Shanan, of Brookline; Thomas Muldoon, of Somerville; Edward L. Geary, Capt. John J. Coffey, R. F. Scannell, John J. Flynn and Owen Loughlin, of West Quincy. Fifty-eight members of the Celtic Association of South Boston visited the late home of the deceased on Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, and contributed a floral emblem consisting of a Celtic cross, surmounted by a dove bearing a scroll with the name of the association.

Mr. Forrester's last effort was a series of papers entitled "The Romance of Fenianism," which appeared lately, when his health was rapidly failing. He was last employed on the staff the New York *Times*; he returned home on the 16th of last December, since which he sank rapidly in spite of the tenderest care, till his death, which took place on the 21st inst. He was well known on the other side of the Atlantic, both in England and in Ireland, as a clever speaker and unqualified representative of the physical force wing in the Irish movement. While connected with the *Irish Times* in Dublin, besides his work in the proof room, he contributed to its humorous column, which attracted wide attention at the time. He was in great demand at one time as an entertainer, and could both sing a song and give an excellent recitation. He was endowed with a fine imagination and was quick in his sympathy for every good cause, was extremely versatile, oftentimes bringing within the circle of his warm esteem persons of most dissimilar views and attainments. Among his poetic writings he will be best known, perhaps, by "The Church of Ballymore" and "The Felons of Our Land," while there is nothing in the light and humorous vein more racy of the Land League times than his verses entitled "A Bewildered Boycotter." DARBY.

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THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantliever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

AT HARVEST.

If we have let our sunny springtime pass
With idle scorn of what the year might bring—
Have gathered flowers to toss them on the grass,
And only cared to hear the woodbirds sing;
If we have turned aside from sober truth
In bright, delusive fairylands to stray
And spent the golden promise of our youth
With selfish living and regardless play,
When shadows fall, we shall be struck at heart
With bitter grieving for our blasted fate,
And then the lesson of life's sadder part
Will lead to agonized remorse—too late!
The land is barren now which once was green.
We never can be what we might have been.
—Arthur L. Salmon in Academy.

DERRINGER'S CHUM.

Promptly as the red sun touched the sky line Old Derringer knocked off work. He had done this as regularly as clock work every day since the last of March, and now it was the middle of September. He threw his mining tools aside and straightened up, with a sigh of relief. He was a tall, elderly man, with a rugged, weather beaten face, in which honesty and kindness of heart were not lacking. He looked the typical western miner in his faded red shirt and greasy slouch hat, with the iron gray beard that reached almost to his waist.

He glanced up at his dug out on the hillside, at the sparkling stream at his feet, at the gigantic peaks, hundreds of feet high, which shut in the narrow Dakota ravine on both sides. Then his eyes strayed down the gully, where a tiny footpath followed the winding course of the stream through scrub and timber, and an exclamation of wonder burst from his lips.

A slender figure had suddenly appeared in the path about 50 feet distant, and as it came slowly nearer it proved to be that of a lad of 16 or 17. He was empty handed, and his clothes and shoes were much the worse for wear. He paused within a couple of feet of the miner and looked at him timidly out of a pair of frank brown eyes.

"By the Great falls of Missouri! Where did you come from, youngster?" demanded Old Derringer. "And however did you find your way here? You're the first human creature I've seen in months. Any more comin behind?" he added sharply and suspiciously.

"I'm all alone," replied the lad. "I was chucked off a Northern Pacific freight train back here this morning, and I followed a sort of a road in this direction, thinking it would lead me to a mining camp. I lost it after awhile and wandered around in the mountains till I struck the path that brought me here. If you can give me some supper and a place to sleep, I'll go away in the morning."

"What's your name?" demanded Old Derringer.

"Tom Mellish," was the hesitating reply. "I'm from the east."

"It ain't hard to see that, young tenderfoot. Got in a scrape and run off, eh?"

"It was sort of that way," the lad answered sadly. "I lived in Pennsylvania, and when my parents died a year ago they didn't leave anything, and I couldn't get a place to work—you see, the times were so hard. They were going to send me to the poorhouse, and as I couldn't stand that I ran away. I had a little money, but it's all gone now. I got here mostly on freight trains."

"And where are you bound?" asked the miner.

"I thought I'd like to be a sailor and travel to foreign countries," the lad answered, "but as I wanted to see the west first I came this way, thinking I might get on a vessel at Portland."

"Well, this here certainly beats me," declared Old Derringer, and his face purpled with suppressed laughter. "You've got pluck, anyhow, and that counts for a heap. Any relatives livin?"

"I don't know, sir. I had an uncle somewheres, but he may be dead."

Old Derringer contemplated the lad for a moment and pulled his beard reflectively. "I'm from the east myself," he said, "but I ain't seen it for 20 years. It breeds good stock, lad, and you're one of them. I like your face, and if you care about stayin here and chummin it with me you're welcome."

"It's a bargain," the lad gladly replied. "I'm tired of freight trains and tramping and of being starved."

A little later the two were eating supper on the hillside, and Old Derringer, with a trust and confidence that were remarkable for him, was telling his new chum how he had stumbled on this lonely, gold bearing stream and was slowly gathering a store of precious nuggets and dust. Then he showed him the dugout, which was a room excavated in the soft part of the cliff and repaid the toil expended upon it by its snugness and dryness.

"Besides," the miner explained, "it won't attract attention if any stray prospectors happen to peep into the valley. I'm a man what don't like to be meddled with, and I reckon that's why I was called Old Derringer."

Thus Tom Mellish's new life began, and from the first he liked it and was happy and contented. After his wanderings it was pleasant to have regular and square meals and a soft bed every night, and, as for the work, why, it was a never ending delight to dig and cradle the yellow gold that the sides and bed of the stream yielded.

Tom and Old Derringer were soon fast friends, and their mutual liking ripened as the days went by. The miner no longer suffered from oppressive spells of loneliness, and he seemed to regard the lad as a living representative of the faraway east, toward which his thoughts had turned yearningly of late. Neither spoke much of the past, however, and the subject was one that they tacitly avoided. The bag of gold under the floor of the dugout grew larger and heavier as October dwindled away, and at the end of the month a wonderful thing happened. A stroke of Old Derringer's pick opened a pocket of big nuggets, and also disclosed a rich vein of gold that seemed to run deeply into the side of the hill. For three days they worked in a sort of trance, almost forgetting to eat and sleep, and more than one canvas shot bag was filled with the precious metal in pure bulk. On the fourth morning the spell was broken by the discovery that the supply of provisions was completely exhausted.

"There's only one thing to be done," growled Old Derringer, "and that's a trip to the nearest settlement, which is a day's journey off. I hate to leave at such a time, but game's scarce hereabouts, and we can't live on that anyway. I reckon I'll start right now, seein it's purty early yet. You ain't afraid to stay until I come back, youngster?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Tom. "There's nothing to be afraid of. I'll just keep on working."

"That's the way to talk," Old Derringer exclaimed approvingly. "I'd stake all I've got on your honesty, lad, and that's why I'm goin to leave the pile of gold in your care. I'll try my level best to get back tomorrow night, but don't worry if I ain't on hand. As there hasn't been any one along this way since spring, exceptin yourself, it ain't likely you'll have any visitors. This is a lonely spot and purty far off the beaten track. If anybody should happen along, just keep you eyes open and don't let 'em in the dugout."

A few minutes later Old Derringer was striding down the ravine, rifle in hand, and Tom watched him until he vanished around a curve in the path. The lad felt proud of the confidence reposed in him, and a desire to show his gratitude kept him working hard all day long. He did not disturb the newly opened vein, which the miner had purposely covered over with bushes, but cradled the sand and pebbles from the bed of the stream.

When he returned to the dugout at sundown, he had quite a respectable pile of nuggets. He put them into a separate bag, so that he could show what he had done, and he put the bag into the hole with the others under the miner's bunk. Then he ate half of the few crackers and dried beef that remained and went to bed. By sunrise the following morning he was at work again at a spot about 20 yards below the dugout. He stopped long enough for a lunch at noon and then went ahead with his cradling. He had expected the miner back that night, and he wanted to accomplish as much as possible.

About an hour before sundown he put the cradle on a rock, and was transferring some small nuggets from it to a bag in his hand, when he heard a stone splash into the stream some distance behind him. He glanced down the ravine and was startled to see two men standing in the path about 30 feet away.

They had evidently been taking an observation, and the stone dislodged by one of them had betrayed their presence, Tom had good cause to feel alarmed, for the strangers were the most disreputable looking men he had ever seen. One was short and dwarfish, the other tall and stout. Both had bloated faces and black beards and were roughly dressed. They carried rifles, but no prospecting tools or implements. Tom realized that the visitors would not hesitate to commit murder or robbery and had probably come for the latter purpose. His first impulse was to make sure of his life by flight, but on second thought he remembered his duty to Old Derringer and resolved to do his best to save the gold. Just how that could be done was not a matter for present consideration, though a partial plan came into his mind as he stood hesitating. He dropped the cradle, stuffed the bag into his pocket and started up the ravine.

"Not so fast, kid," came a gruff voice after him; "hold on thar."

Tom quickened his steps and then broke into a run. As he clambered up the hillside a rifle cracked, and the ball whistled close over his head. He kept bravely on, and a few more steps brought him to the little plateau in front of the dugout. He darted inside, and his first act was to seize Old Derringer's revolver from the shelf behind the bunk. Then he threw himself flat behind the upper corner of the doorway. There was a stone ledge a foot high in front of him, and from this point of vantage he had a slanting view of a good bit of the lower part of the ravine.

He felt rather more cheerful now, for he was in a safe position and could yet command the only approach to the dugout. All the chambers of the revolver were loaded, and Old Derringer had taught him how to use the weapon. The men, however, were in no hurry to approach. After seeing the lad disappear in the dugout they stood for several minutes in earnest conversation. Then they came very slowly up the ravine, stopping to look closely about wherever there were signs of digging or cradling.

Tom watched them sharply and with growing uneasiness. Their careless manner showed plainly that they believed the lad to be alone, and what they saw along the ravine must have satisfied them that the dugout contained rich plunder. It was even possible that they had been waiting this chance for weeks and knew that Old Derringer was absent at the settlement. Closer and closer they came, changing their shambling gait to a brisk, decided tread. Now they were nearly opposite the dugout and had planted their feet on the path that led up the slope.

"Stop right there," cried Tom, showing the tip of his nose. "Don't come any nearer."

The men halted, and the larger one called out: "We want to see the boss of these diggin's. Where is he?"

"He'll be here pretty soon," replied Tom, "and I've got orders not to let any one in till he comes."

The men lowered their rifles from their shoulders and whispered to each other for a moment. Then they glanced up toward Tom in a very threatening manner. "It's no use to fool any longer, kid," said the dwarfish man. "We want your gold, and, what's more, we're goin ter have it. If you fork over decent, we'll give you a share and let you go; if you don't, we'll take it anyways and slit your throat in the bargain."

"I'll shoot you if you try to come up here," Tom answered pluckily, but the words were hardly out of his mouth when the two ruffians made a bound up the slope. What happened next Tom could never remember very clearly, for he was pretty badly excited at this trying moment. He did not want to shed blood, and he had a vague hope of scaring the men back by shooting over their heads as he leveled the revolver with that intention.

Three times he snapped the trigger in rapid succession, and two of the reports failed to check the ruffians. At the third shot the little man clasped a hand to his right arm with a yell of pain and spun around. He fell against his companion, knocking him off his feet, and both rolled together to the foot of the slope. They were up instantly, and Tom wisely ducked his head behind the stone. He heard half a dozen rifle shots, and the balls passed over him and flattened against the wall of the dugout. Then all was quiet, and when he ventured to peep out he could faintly see the ruffians moving down the ravine. In a moment they were hidden by the dusky twilight.

The situation was now a perplexing one. Night was at hand, and the men would certainly make an attempt to get the gold under cover of darkness. It was doubtful if Old Derringer would be back before the next day, and his timely return was not to be depended upon. Tom pondered deeply as he lay at his post, keeping eyes and ears on the alert for his foes. He did not dare to light a fire, for that would have exposed him to certain death. After waiting half an hour without detecting any danger it flashed upon him that the ruffians probably hoped he would fall asleep after a time from a sense of false security and were deferring their approach until then. He felt so sure of this that he conceived a plan to take as much of the gold as he could carry, hide the rest and then escape to the upper part of the ravine. Once safely away from the dugout he could easily hide until the miner's return.

He set about his preparations without delay. Quickly and quietly he filled a large bag with the precious metal and hid what was left under the embers of the fireplace, carefully raking the ashes over the spot again. He purposely left the hole under the bunk uncovered, so that the ruffians would be sure to see that the treasure was gone.

Now he was ready, and after standing in a listening attitude for a few seconds he crept to the entrance of the dugout, the revolver held in one hand and the bag of gold in the other. He was barely outside when he heard a scraping noise straight overhead, and quickly two dark figures dropped lightly behind him. The tricky ruffians had made a detour above the dugout and crept down over the rocky hillside that formed its roof. No doubt it was their intention to rush in and overpower the lad before he could shoot them, and had they dropped a moment sooner they might have been successful. But Tom discovered them before they saw him, and instantly he went plunging down the slope at full speed. As the coast was now clear, he turned southward along the narrow path, hearing shouts and rapid strides behind him.

He ran faster and faster through the night, sticking to the path by blind instinct and intent only on escaping with the gold. Suddenly he felt slippery rocks under his feet and know that he had blundered astray. Then a rifle cracked, and at the same instant he fell forward. He felt a stinging pain along his head, a stunning blow over one eye, and after that he remembered nothing.

When Tom came back to consciousness, he was lying on Old Derringer's bunk in the dugout, and the miner himself was sitting near him on a stool. The sun was shining in the doorway, and the kettle was boiling over the fire. He suddenly remembered all that had happened, and he tried to sit up in spite of his weakness and headache.

"Lie still, youngster," said Old Derringer in a strangely tender tone. "You'll be all right after a bit."

"The gold!" cried Tom. "Have you got it?"

"Every nugget," the miner replied. "The bag was in your hand, and I seen the rest peepin from the ashes."

"But how did I get here, and what became of the robbers?"

"I reckon I shot one," answered Old Derringer. "Leastwise there was blood on the stones. You see I come along just as they fired at you, and then they hustled up the gorge as quick as they could go. The ball only nipped your head, but you had an ugly knock from tumblin on the rocks. I carried you up here, and all night long you kept talkin wildlike about gold and robbers and—and about your home at Carlisle, away off in Pennsylvania. That was my home, too, youngster. Say, if you don't mind, is Mellish your real name?"

"No," said Tom. "My real name is Woodruff."

Old Derringer turned pale. "Not the son of John Woodruff?"

"He was my father," Tom answered.

The next instant Old Derringer was kneeling by the bunk and had his arms around the amazed lad. "I'm your Uncle Jim," he cried hoarsely, "what run away from home 20 years ago. John Woodruff was my brother. Thank God, we've found each other, lad. I'm goin to sell the claim to a party at the settlement fur a big price, and as soon as he comes up to see it you and me'll go back to Pennsylvania and buy the old homestead. And as fur foreign lands—why, there ain't one you shan't see if you want to. We'll take a trip together."

Old Derringer stopped for want of breath, and presently he and Tom discussed more calmly the wonderful things that had happened. It was better than medicine for the lad, and by evening he was on his feet, as sound and well as ever.

A few days later the two were traveling east as fast as steam could carry them, and Tom knew that his days of tramping and privation were over. In the strangely discovered relative he had found a lifelong friend and protector.—William Murray Graydon in Philadelphia Press.

FENCER OF THE SEA.

ROUGH AND TUMBLE ENCOUNTERS WITH THE SWORDFISH.

Frequently the Rapierlike Snout Pierces the Yawl and Impales the Harpooner. Chief Employment of the Odd Denizens of Block Island.

Some 15 miles off the Rhode Island shore and almost directly south of stormy Point Judith is the ragged coast of Block island, where each resident is farmer and fisherman.

As quaint and old fashioned an ocean resort as the American coast affords is Block island. It is a miniature world, in which the customs and habits are those of 150 years ago. Every knoll is capped with a small, one story farmhouse, whose shingled walls are thickly coated with whitewash, the only wash that will withstand the intensely vaporous, salty air, which melts the contents of the salt cellars on the family tables into a thick, lumpy mass. Some of these dwellings are 150 years old, and the "old windmill" was built of lumber from trees that grew on the island early in the last century.

Completely isolated in winter from the rest of the world, they take but little interest in any except their own concerns. A Bible, a few books of sea stories, a weekly newspaper and Daboll's ancient almanac furnish all the reading they wish, and stories of hobgoblins and sea wraiths are the gossip of fireside and forecastle.

Far out on the bowsprit of each fishing schooner there is a little iron banded "pulpit," where stands the harpooner, harpoon in hand, riding up to his fearless game. A swift and accurate whirl into the monster's side, and away he bounds, furious with rage and pain, with a floating keg attached to the iron dart by fathoms of rope. The vessel sails after him like a tireless hound on the trail of a fox, and the marine hunters have only to keep sight of him until he has exhausted himself with his mad rushes through the sea.

When the time comes, however—it may be in half an hour, and it may be double that time—for the plucky spearsman to deal the finishing stroke to the doughty warrior, then, if ever, hunter and game meet on fairly even terms.

The harpooner quits the vessel in a yawl, armed with an ax, spear and club, and pulls his frail craft over the rough waves to the side of the dying fish. It may be that the moribund giant is breathless and really exhausted. If so, the harpooner has only to draw up where is measured his bulky length upon the surface of the ocean, plunge his sharp spear into heart or brain or deal a crushing blow upon the head.

But if the big fellow be only feinting there is likely to be trouble. Sulkily and warily, but motionless, he notes the harpooner's advance, and when the latter has driven his boat to a point not half a dozen rods away suddenly the great fish arouses himself, shakes the lethargy out of his bones and the brine out of his glimmering eyes, measures the place of his foe for an instant, and then rushes on him like a whirlwind. Rarely does he miss his drive, and the luckless fisherman is impotent to evade it. The fish cleaves the waves with the speed and fury of a warhorse. A sudden dip beneath the waves, and, lo! he has gone.

But the next instant the oarsman, leaping into the stern of his boat, hears the rush of waters, as of a submarine volcano beneath him, and with the sound of ripping timbers, a long, slender, black, hairy rapier is driven through the boat from side to side, as if the lance of a galloping Cossack had cleft it. Lucky it is, too, for the boatman if he be not in line with the irresistible straight thrust. If he is, the sharp bone will pierce him as swiftly and easily as a cook skewers a chicken.

An exciting encounter with a wounded and maddened swordfish was that of Henry Chesebro. He had harpooned the big fish from the deck of his sailing vessel, and after waiting the usual length of time got into his yawl to deal a finishing blow to the apparently dying fish. As soon as he approached his captive, however, and commenced hauling in his line, the fish suddenly awoke and began operations by diving so as to spear the little craft. Missing his aim, the armed leviathan went under the surface for a second attack.

It was too late for Chesebro to retreat, and utterly defenseless he awaited the onslaught. In a moment the fish shot out of the water, and with deadly aim drove his sword completely through the boat. It entered the craft about three feet from the bow, on the port side, and came out through the thin plank on the starboard side. Chesebro had retreated to the stern of the yawl in the nick of time, and thus escaped being transfixed. His plight was seen from the schooner, and the vessel headed for the scene. By constant bailing Chesebro kept his disabled boat afloat until succor arrived. A blow on the head then finished the fish, which weighed 338 pounds.

Even more perilous was the experience of Captain L. R. Stadman of the smack Bessie Fish. He had speared a large fish and went out in his small boat to secure the prize. While bringing him to the surface Stadman was turned upon like a flash by the swordfish, who drove his saber completely through the bottom of the dory, it projecting into the craft about a foot.

The ready witted Block islander immediately grasped the sword with both hands. The fish struggled fiercely, finally snapping off its sword and diving for the bottom of the ocean. Keenly alive to the danger of his position, Captain Stadman ripped off his vest, and plugging his perforated vessel, which had begun to fill with water, put back to the schooner. A canvas patch temporarily repaired the damage, and rowing back to the scene of the conflict the now defenseless but still infuriated fish was landed quivering on the deck of the smack.—New York [illegible].

Effect of Environment on a Watch.

"It is curious to notice the effect of certain atmospheres upon timepieces of a certain kind," said A. G. Graham of Chicago. "I have a watch of the old fashioned type, which I always carry with me wherever I go, first, because it's a curiosity, and, secondly, because it is a gift from a much beloved friend. Well, this watch has a habit of running ahead of time. In my own city, or here in St. Louis, for example, it gains five minutes in every 24 hours. This is noticeable because it means nearly two hours a month. I have a way of letting it run for a length of time, say six months, so that it regulates itself practically in that time. It manages to make about 12 hours, and when a timepiece is that much ahead of or behind time it is just as good as if it were perfect. A short while ago I was compelled to visit Philadelphia, from which city I am just returning. During my stay there the watch lost five minutes a day, and the loss was as regular as the gain was in Chicago or in your city. I have a theory upon the subject.

"I believe that the movements of a man have more or less effect upon a watch. Now, almost every man readily falls into the ways and gait of his fellows. In Chicago or in St. Louis every man likes to be five minutes ahead of time. In Philadelphia every one says: 'Well, there's no hurry. Five minutes behind time will make no difference,' and from this follows that slow, easy gait which is the most striking characteristic of the Quaker City. It would seem the watches keep time in the same fashion, as if in sympathy with their owners. So you see there is pretty good reason for the allegation with regard to Philadelphia's proverbial slowness."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Magic In India.

Some recent travelers who have seen the magicians of India reported that the skill of these jugglers has been overrated, and that their tricks are really less wonderful than they have been said to be. But Mr. Kellar, who is himself a slight of hand expert, thinks differently. He says that the Hindoo wizards perform tricks that he can neither duplicate nor understand, so marvelous are they. This is what he relates of one whom he saw at the Chuddermunzil club at Lucknow:

"He took a board and placed it on four glass goblets, thus elevating it from the floor. A youngster sitting on the board was requested to place his hands together, palms up. Then the juggler took a glass of water and poured it into the outstretched hands of the boy. In the meantime the boy had been mesmerized, and his attention was fixed on a point indicated by the magician. Gradually the water turned green in color and then developed into a jelly which increased in density until it became as solid as a stone. Out of the center of this appeared the head of a snake, which gradually developed until in the place of the water there appeared a hissing reptile. I was amazed, I can assure you, but the trick was not yet completed. Hitting the reptile upon the head with his wand, the juggler took it up carefully and placed it back into the glass. As we looked it became transformed into a jelly, which in turn melted into a greenish colored water. Clearer and clearer became the fluid until it was of its original color, and then the juggler placed it to his lips and drank the entire contents. This was the most wonderful trick I ever saw performed, and it is as mysterious to me today as it was then."—New York Advertiser.

Mark Twain's Criticism.

There is only one expert who is qualified to examine the souls and the life of a people and make a valuable report—the native novelist. This expert is so rare that the most populous country can never have 15 conspicuously and confessedly competent ones in stock at one time. This native specialist is not qualified to begin work until he has been absorbing during 25 years. How much of his competency is derived from conscious "observation?" The amount is so slight that it counts for next to nothing in the equipment. Almost the whole capital of the novelist is the slow accumulation of unconscious observation—absorption.

The native expert's intentional observation of manners, speech, character and ways of life can have value, for the native knows what they mean without having to cipher out the meaning. But I should be astonished to see a foreigner get at the right meanings, catch the elusive shades of these subtle things. Even the native novelist becomes a foreigner, with a foreigner's limitations, when he steps from the state whose life is familiar to him into a state whose life he has not lived. Bret Harte got his California and his Californinas by unconscious absorption and put both of them into his tales alive, but when he came back from the Pacific to the Atlantic and tried to do Newport life from study—conscious observation—his failure was absolutely monumental.—Mark Twain in North American Review.

He Took Salmon.

"I say, Gaddersby," said Mr. Smith as he came into the fishmonger's with a lot of tackle in his hand. "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Put them up to look as if they've been caught today, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," said the fishmonger. "How many?"

"Oh, you'd better give me three or four barbel. Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."

"Yes, sir. But you'd better take salmon, hadn't you'?"

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was down here early this afternoon and said if you dropped in with your fishing tackle and a generally woebegone look to have you take salmon if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."

Mr. Smith took salmon.—Pearson's Weekly.

A MARVEL OF LONDON.

The Admirable Manner In Which Its Street Traffic Is Handled.

It has long been a marvel that, although foreigners sojourning in London have accustomed themselves to praise the skill with which the street traffic of this world city is handled, yet none of them has carried the lesson home and put it into practice in his own town. There is no secret in the matter. The information can be had for the asking, and they that dwell in towns will be the gainers by it. Well, then, how did it come about?

Go to Hyde park corner any day in the season and watch the streams of traffic as they flow in and out of the open space around the Wellington statue—thousands of cabs, omnibuses, drays, private carriages, hand barrows, dog-carts, bicycles—every sort of thing that can go on wheels. Chaos would come again if it were not for a policeman here, another there and one at the opposite corner.

Hamilton place, at the bottom of Park lane, pours a strong current into Piccadilly. Two policemen get you through it without so much as a sneeze, a wink or a loss of breath! Without the two policemen there would be no getting through. One of them controls the traffic entering Hamilton place; the other controls the traffic leaving it. A motion of the hand stops the stream in Piccadilly and lets the stream from Hamilton place flow in, or vice versa. No matter who you are, or what you are driving in, or in how great a hurry you may be—cabman or costermonger, duke driving a four-in-hand, coachman of a prince, with his royal highness impatiently waiting in his red lined carriage—you must stop when the policeman's hand is raised, and you may not go on again until it is lowered.

Break the rule, and you shall see what happens—a summons to the police court and a fine, whether you are coster, cabman, duke or his high mightiness himself. Is this autocracy or democracy? Call it what you choose, it is good management. Without it London would be impossible, because it would be impassable.

There is no "slanging," no "sassing back," no picturesque objurgation of any sort. If you make a disturbance, so much the worse for you, not for your bones, or for your flesh, but for your convenience and your pocketbook, and peradventure your reputation as a peaceable subject. The policeman does not flourish a "billy." He does not carry one. He does not abuse you or lay hands upon you. He is imperturbable, and he produces a notebook and takes down your name and address, wishes you good morning, and the next day you are summoned to the police court. There is no shilly shally. The whole thing is done on the principle of paying the piper if you choose to dance.—Boston Herald.

Attacked by a Rhinoceros.

The author of "Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie" had shot a zebra, and his men were making ready to cut it up, when two rhinoceroses appeared in the distance. Apparently the firing of the gun had disturbed their nap and made them thoroughly angry.

Though more than 400 paces off, the rhinoceroses swerved aside when they saw us and then dashed upon us with the speed of race horses. As usual, my black companions took to their heels, making for a solitary tree some distance off. It was hopeless for me to think of reaching it, and there was not so much as a blade of straw for cover anywhere. And behind the dead zebra, which would have been better than nothing, three of my men were already crouching.

There was nothing for it but to brave the situation out, so I knelt on one knee, the better to take aim, and with my elephant gun in hand waited to fire till I could hope to kill. It seemed a long time before I could cover the shoulder of either of the huge beasts, and I knew any other shot would be useless. The result was that I did not pull the trigger till one of the animals was only some eight or ten paces off.

It staggered and fell, but the next moment was on its feet again. It was not killed, but its ardor was cooled, for it turned away, followed by its companion. Twice it seemed about to fall, and I did not think a second shot would be necessary, but it got away with undiminished speed, and though we followed it for some distance we lost it.

Plea For Second Class Cars.

William Gates, the veteran ticket agent, is of the opinion that America could profit by adopting at least one feature of European railway service. "I believe that we would secure a large amount of travel which we do not now secure by adopting the second class feature," said he. "The luxurious manner in which our large sleepers and chair cars are constructed involves an enormous expense. The fellows who do not use these cars are obliged to pay for the luxuries enjoyed by wealthier travelers. The companies are obliged to charge a uniformly high rate of mileage in order to furnish swell service. I advocate having a strictly second class train between here and New York. Put the price at $10. I am positive that it would greatly increase travel. Put it on a slow schedule. The people who patronize it would not expect 'flier' service, and as long as it carried them over the ground they would be satisfied. The train would be well patronized from this station. Then the first class trains could be made strictly first class, and each fellow would pay for the service he required. I would like to see it tried."—Toledo Blade.

A Blood Sucking Earthworm.

South Africa is the home of a species of earthworm, a creature closely related to our common angleworm, who is not only a giant among the denizens of the soil, but which is reputed to have a taste for human blood. There are two species of this uncanny wiggler—one of a dark red color and the other almost black. They are larger than one's finger and from three to four inches in length.—St. Louis Republic.

SMASHING TRADITION

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY ARE NOT DANGEROUS.

James A. Bailey Says Any One Can Safely Enter and Leave a Cage Full of Lions and Tigers, and Any Man Who Knows the Cues Can Put Them Through Their Acts.

Said Mr. James A. Bailey recently: "It is the general belief all over the world that a man who goes into a den of wild carnivorous beasts takes his life in his hands, and that each time he does so and escapes unharmed he has won by a lucky chance. Some persons believe that if the trainer who handles the animals in their acts were to turn his back upon them for a single instant they would leap upon and devour him. Others again believe that the lions and tigers only wait an opportunity for concerted action to destroy their keeper, while there are still others who declare that it is only through the power of the human eye that the beasts are held in subjection. To all of these opinions and beliefs and as a final answer to all questions on the subject I wish to state here and now that there is no danger whatever to any person entering a cage of wild beasts. Such a statement, however, will scarce be believed without some further explanation and proof.

"It is a fact that many men have been maimed and some killed by lions and tigers in menageries and zoological gardens throughout the world, but in every case, I venture to say, the causes leading to such accidents and deaths were of their own making. Unmerited or too severe punishment is the most frequent cause. Nearly all animals, no matter how small and insignificant, will turn and fight when cornered and in fear of their lives. A cat will make a desperate and determined fight if so placed that it cannot escape from what it believes is a dangerous enemy. Just so with larger cat animals. And nearly all of the accidents that have occurred have been brought about by the brutality of trainers who, having lost temper, have pursued to extremes an animal that did not understand what was wanted of it. Trainers of the present day, however, have come to realize this, and accidents are of rare occurrence. And I maintain that any man or woman, an entire stranger to the animals, can go in with them and in perfect safety.

"A case in point comes to my mind. A few years ago I employed an innocent sort of German to work in the menagerie, and one of the first tasks assigned to him was cleaning the lions' den. Instead of taking an iron scraper and working through the bars as customary, he took a broom, opened the iron door, went in the cage and began to sweep the floor. When a lion got in his way, he would punch it with the broom and tell it in German to get away, and it did so. The man repeated his experience every day and was never harmed. I now make this positive statement—that in both the handling and training of these animals there is no more danger than attends the training of a domestic animal. The snarling and growling of the beasts are no more indicative of a desire to claw and devour than is expressed in the bark or snarl of a canine house pet or the hiss of a sleek tabby when its tail is stepped upon. The big brutes may growl and crouch about their cages, look dangerous and act ferociously and all that, but I contend, and experience has taught me that my belief is correct, that it is only through a desire to escape from the man rather than to attack him.

"It takes time and patience, more than any one not in the business can imagine, to perfect the training of these animals, and every trainer has a method of his own. I would further explain that trained animals will not perform the tricks taught them until the cue is given them. Even trained horses, which are supposed to have great intelligence, will only go through their performances when the ringmaster supplies the cue, whatever it may be. Sometimes it is a motion of the whip, at others a step backward or forward, when instantly the animal will respond. Now, all that is necessary for any one to put through his performances any kind of trained animal or number of them is for him to know when to give the proper cue.

"I do not believe the animals know one trainer from another unless one has been with them for a long time, for when some of my trainers have been taken sick, been discharged or for other causes have left my service the trained animal part of my show has not been interrupted, but has gone on just the same, a new man having been substituted, and it is safe to say that the animals never knew the difference between the men. I have changed the men as often as five times in a season, and one man has put the beasts through their tricks quite as well as another. Any person who will enter the arena fearlessly and confidently can take the trainer's whip and make the animals perform as well as a person who has handled them for months, provided always he knows what tricks the beasts are required to do and can supply the cues.

"I am aware that this statement may appear to most people extraordinary, because it is at variance with their preconceived notions concerning the brutal nature of all wild beasts, but I am firm in my belief and have no hesitation in making it public."—New York Sun.

A Judicial Reproof.

A Warrington justice once reproved a would be suicide thus: "Young man, you have been found guilty of attempting to drown yourself in the river. Only consider what your felings would have been had you succeeded."—Green Bag.

There is no rigid line between duties to self and duties to others. They melt into one another; they act and react upon each other, and when the right balance between them is destroyed neither can be perfectly fulfilled.

DRAWBACKS OF A BLACK EYE.

It Inspires Humor and Brings Varied Misery Upon Its Owner.

Unfortunate indeed is the lot of the young man with a black eye. In addition to the fact that it is black and will prevent his appearance in respectable society for a time are the many explanations which he has to invent for the curious who want to know how he got it. Then he has to stand no end of bantering, insinuating smiles, hypocritical sympathy and the stares of men, women and children wherever he goes.

The young man in this case got his black eye in the manner in which the general public believes 999 out of 1,000 black eyes are received—that is, from the fist of another young man delivered straight out from the shoulder. At the time he received it there was no means of relief at hand, and he was in no condition to seek it after receiving the blow that began a new course in astronomy for him. So he went home and contented himself with applying heated cloths to it for the rest of the night. He lived in a boarding house, and when he went down to breakfast in the morning he wore a handkerchief bound tightly around his head, so as to conceal the black eye. This did not prevent the boarders from inquiring in unison:

"Where did you get the black eye?"

The young man flushed crimson, and as he looked around the grinning crowd he saw that he would have to tell a pretty straight story.

"I don't know whether it's black or not," he stammered, "although it feels as if it was. You see, I got in late last night and in the darkness stumbled against the hatrack. I didn't like to wake anybody up and just put some hot water on it."

"Why didn't you hit the hatrack first?" asked one of the skeptics.

"I tried to, but"—

"The scoundrel got the drop on you," put in another boarder.

"Well, he did, but"—

"I suppose he's got a pair of em, eh?"

"Well, there's no use denying it, fellows," whispered the young man. "I did have a run in with a gang, but they were five to one, and after I had knocked three of them down the other two got at me, and that ended it. Say, what's good to take it right away?"

"Let's see it," demanded the boarders, and the young man was forced to undo the bandage. He disclosed a swollen mass of flesh on the right side of the face, which rivaled a Thanksgiving football field for coloring. In the center a guilty little pupil of an eye flashed, surrounded by the crimson of Harvard. Shading off on the cheek was the orange, surmounted by black, emblematic of Princeton, while the blue of Yale was predominant.

"A symposium of college colors," cried one of the boarders. Suggestions for relief were then in order.

"Try a piece of raw beef," was one.

"Or a raw oyster," was another.

"Hot water and extract of witch hazel."

"Epsom salts and hot water will take the bloodshot out of the eye."

"Have it painted."

"No, have it cut with a razor and let it bleed."

"Get a leech."

The young man carefully noted all the suggestions, and as a discussion arose about the most efficacious remedy decided to visit a black eye doctor. After all the boarders had gone he bandaged up his eye and went in search of one.

"Now, if you had only come to me as soon as you got it I could have removed it in an hour and a half," said the black eye specialist, "or if you had come within 24 hours afterward I might have had a better chance of removing it. As it is, it will take a week."

The young man had his eye washed and bathed for a couple of hours with hot water and other lotions and declared that he felt better. The swelling was reduced somewhat, and he thought that with the help of a little flesh paint and Chinese white he could face his best girl that evening. Surely, he thought, she would believe any story he told about it. But she was as skeptical as the rest, and after listening to his plaintive story about his encounter with the hatrack said:

"Now, really, Charles, who did it?"—New York Sun.

A Bad Spell.

A certain congressman, no matter who he is, except that he is not a western man, was making up a list of towns in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, where he was to make some campaign speeches. After he had it made out to his satisfaction he handed the list to his secretary to copy. The secretary, who is a pretty shrewd politician himself, ran his eye down the column.

"What's the matter with Trenton?" he asked in some astonishment.

"Nothing," replied the member, somewhat astonished himself. "Why?"

"You've got it marked N. G."

"I guess not," protested the member in doubt.

"Well, look at it for yourself," and the secretary handed the list to him.

He looked at it, and there in plain letters he found, "Trenton, N. G."

Then he laughed confidently, almost derisively.

"That's all right, my boy," he said, with commiserating consideration. "The N. G. you are thinking about is not the N. G. I've got there."

"Is that so?" said the dazed secretary.

"Of course not," laughed the congressman. "Mine's Trenton, New Gersey," and the secretary said, "Oh!" and let the congressman go on thinking it was all right.—Detroit Free Press.

The Battle of Belahoe.

The battle of Belahoe is famous in Irish history as a spoiling of the spoilers. Two chieftains, O'Neill and O'Donnell, had made a thieving excursion into a neighboring territory and were returning with their plunder when they met an English force, and after a brief and feeble resistance ran away, leaving their booty in the hands of the English.

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Div 8—F J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 E. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5030 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 486 W Erie st; Daniel Daly, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meet in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1130 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

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St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 104 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 28 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m in Father Mathew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

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St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 76 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 3d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, H J Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

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Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burke; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

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St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 259 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in [illegible]

McMullen No 44—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 621 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.

OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2. GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.

OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1895. Katharina Thennes vs. Carl Thennes. In Chancery. No. 147,565.

Notice is hereby given to the said Carl Thennes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the first Monday of May A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D GRIFFIN, Clerk.

John McKeough, Compl't's Sol'r.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JAMES MANSFIELD CLEARY, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of James Mansfield Cleary, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, January 12, 1895.

WILLIAM TEMPLETON, Administrator.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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